SOUTHERN THOUGHTS

FOR

NORTHERN THINKERS

BY

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MRS. JEANNETTE ROBINSON MURPHY.

PREFACE.

A WORD TO THE SOUTH.

With a few exceptions, the Southern thoughts in these pages, were delivered to Northern thinkers in the form of musical lectures first in 1898 and continuously during the seasons following up to the present time. They have also appeared in the magazines.

The exceptions referred to may be found on pages 10 to 12. The paragraphs therein mentioning Satan's influence, the application of St. Paul's words, the allusion to the amalgamation of the races, the harm done by some tactless missionaries, and interfering outsiders, the attitude of certain bungling leaders, writers, lecturers and teachers, together with the reference to the "underground railroad," and Mrs. Stowe's reputed change of views, were not included in my public addresses.

My purpose in giving these lectures, with the truthfully reported interviews and songs illustrating them, has been to try to unify the North and the South, and at the same time to show to the broad North a religious and a superstitious side of the Negro's character, which is not so sympathetically understood by Northern as by Southern people.

By presenting the South's viewpoint of the Negro problem, by proving that we do love and appreciate the good (and even the bad) Negro far better than the North does; and also by correctly interpreting his genuine music, voodooism, and other folk-lore, I have earnestly endeavored to offset, in a measure, the insidious work of the reconstruction days.

Future generations (oh how I pity them) will have a difficult task before them in trying to picture the "old timey" Mammy and Uncle.

All about us are literary romancers, who do not hesitate to pass off on a credulous public, an array of Negro lore and song purporting to be genuine, and yet which they privately admit is more or less fiction.

It is my hope that these enterprising writers may soon have their consciences so awakened that they will right the wrong which they have done to the Negro and to themselves, by openly declaring that some parts of their Negro folk tales, songs, and sermons are true but that other parts are false.

The wonderful and immortal tales collected by Mr. Joel Chandler in his preëminent "Uncle Remus" have the ring of truth. There are a few other writers, whose stories could have come from no other brain than that of the incomparable Negro; and for the sake of these truthful writers as well as in the interest of questioning posterity, would it not be a fair request to make of all writers of African folk-lore and music to ask them to be frank enough to give to us, in the future, a written guarantee that they have reported to us the valuable Negro wisdom verbatim?

Can we not hear the angry cry of an earnest, perplexed student of ancient Negro character calling to us from the centuries to come: "Why have you not told us the truth? We do not want your fiction about the Negro—your ideas as to what a Negro would say under certain conditions—nor do we care for these folk tales and songs written by you, for we have no assurance that the Negro really ever said all of these remarkable things. We would, however, like to hear him speak for himself and have him give us his *own* philosophy, his *own* songs, his *own* stories, and his *own* music."

Let us hope before it is too late, that many zealous recorders of the Negro mind will come forward to work in every corner of this unique field, who, with their pens dipped in truth and their hearts glowing with sympathy, will see to it that every available scrap of Negro sagacity, music, humour, and pathos is carefully preserved.

If to some these essays seem narrow, I would say that this is probably due to the fact that I have purposely shut my mind to the influence of the speeches and writings of the Northern and Southern men who I had heard were deeply interested in the Negro Problem.

I wanted to remain wholly free in my opinions upon this great subject and to hold my mind as fresh as that of a child to receive the truth straight from my observations and intuitions of the Negro—of his needs, of his advancement and his failures, together with the deep causes of the last mentioned.

Now that I am reading everything that I can find which has been written upon the subject, I do not see that any of the writers offers a practical solution of this puzzling question.

To preserve the peace, it seems to me that there is only one thing to be done, and done very quickly too, and that is for the South to bend its every energy to win the regard and the loyalty of the sadly estranged young Negro, and to do so we must assume alone the whole of the Negro burden.

August, 1904.

J. R. M.

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BLACK MAMMY—CREDITOR.

WHAT an incarnation of motherly love and sympathy was the old black mammy! How comforting it was always to have some one standing between you and danger, to know that amid the turmoils of childhood's life there was always one sure rock of refuge around and against which the waves of parental ire could beat in vain! How familiar to Southern ears the old nurse's cry as she ran out into the yard, carrying her little charge: "Put down dat slipper, Mis' Lee! Yer ain't gwine tech ma chile, dat yer ain't!"

With what vivid distinctness memory brings to mind one faithful old aunty in particular! Though slavery days were past, still old Calline stoutly maintained: "Ol' Miss an' de chillun 'longs ter me jes de same, an', 'fo' de Lo'd, I's jes as happy as I was 'fo' freedom broke out."

One fine, bright May day, little Alice, aged seven, came sniffling home from school with a bad report.

The teacher had hurt her feelings sorely by telling her that she had the worst report in school, and that if she did not study harder she would be punished severely.

Alice hunted up faithful old nurse Calline at once, sure of overflowing black motherly sympathy. She found her perched on the railing of the back gallery, combing her hair in long "corn-rows"

Quickly spying the heartbroken child, Calline ran to her, and carried her up the steps on her shoulder. Then, setting her down, and untying her blue lawn sunbonnet, and wiping away the tears with her own clean white apron, she began indignantly:

"What ails ma precious baby, humph? What dat yer say? Bad erport? Don't yer neber let me cotch yer bringin' home anudder bad erport. I'll w'ar yer out ef yer do."

"Why Calline, I did n't know you'd mind," sobbed poor little Alice.

"Mind!" screamed the mammy. "*Co'se* I mind! Don't neber bring 'em home! Burn 'em up! Dat's what yer do wid 'em ebery time, honey—burn 'em up. Don't yer mind what dat good-fer-nuffin' teacher say. Miss Susie ought ter be 'shame' on herself, great, big, *tall* 'oman lak her a-mekkin' ma *leetle* baby cry! She done fergot when she lib near our house: she was a perfec' limb ob Satan. Ax her ef she done fergot when *she's* a chile, an' de time she done put de dade cat in de teacher's desk.

"Dese heah teacher ladies seems lak dey-all done fergot dey eber *was* chilluns.

"Go 'long; you'se de smartes' chile us eber had. I's tuk notice, honey, dat dese chillun in Louisville what neber misses a lesson, an' stan' at de head ob de class, dey is mighty hard ter lib wid, an' dey ain't *wuth killin'*, an' when dey is growed up dey cyan't make a half-way libben. Come 'long in de house; nobody'd fink yer been cryin', an' I 'll wash yer face. I sabe some gingerbread fer yer. 'Pears lak we'll lose dis heah chile, lettin' her cyarry all dem big pile o' books—po' leetle honey-lamb, habin' ter stedy so hard! My Lo'd! I could n't stand de goin's on me does wid yer chilluns ef I had ter work ma min' all de time. Dey 'd put me in Cabe Hill, whar dem books done put many a lamb 'fo' yer bawn. Gib me dat erport dis minute, an' let me chuck it in de fiah!"

When, upon other occasions, little Alice would prove refractory, old Calline would quickly bring her to terms by calling to her fiercely: "Run back in de house! Yer is a-gittin' so vig'us, I kin see de pin-feathers 'ginnin' ter sprout all ober yer shoulder-blades—dar dey is dis heah minute. Yer know, all yer white babies is borned wid white pin-feathers all ober yer bodies, an' us niggers picks 'em all off clean,—dat 's all some niggers is borned fer,—an' I 's pick feathers off lot o' Kentucky chillun. Den when a chile gits rale ostrep'us, lak yer is dis minute, de feathers 'gins ter grow ag'in."

How one pities the children at the North who have missed the mammy joys! What a fine thing it would be to import a few old aunties to teach the children of the playgrounds how really to play and be childishy children!

The Southern child owes a large debt of gratitude to the old negroes for surrounding him with a wealth of love and sympathy, and giving him an inexhaustible store of witching tales of those old African days when they, anticipating Darwin, believed that men and animals were once brothers. The agriculturists and ornithologists are more deeply in debt to our old mammies than they dream of. What boy or girl does not develop into an ardent lover and protector of all animal life under the influence of these fascinating legends?

I have seen a patient old nurse dress six children for Sunday-school and never once lose her temper! She enters into the children's inner secrets, sees life from the little ones' standpoint, as we white mothers seldom can. She surrounds each little stone and stick with a story all its own. In fact, she is as fine a natural kindergartner as Froebel ever was, only her methods differ; for when *she* plays, she *plays*, and when she works, she works. Never catch her mixing the two together! In fact, you never catch her working, anyhow.

How devotedly religious is the old mammy! Many are the white children she has led to her Master's feet. Hers is the old orthodox faith: Jesus is the life of her every task; she sings the Bible through and through in her wonderful crooning spirituals, and receives from them a living inspiration in all her round of work. She believes in the divine origin of every word of the blessed Book, and though occasionally she may be turned out of church for dancing or crossing her feet, she will never be put out of the sanctuary for heresy—not she!

She begins the baby's religious training early, for she teaches him that it is Jesus who sends love and food and pleasures, and then she impresses him with the truth that afflictions and the scourges of life come from His hands also. What could be sweeter than the little song she sings at bedtime, and is it not a regular kindergarten creation, too, as she suits the action to the word! *

I, for one, shall not be surprised if, some day, in the coming everlasting happiness, many a tired old Southern pilgrim, pointing to some old mammy, will sing aloud joyfully: "Praise the Lord! But for your devotion, and your life and faith and teaching me as a little child, I should never have reached this blessed shore." And as he looks up to her, clothed in garments of glistening white, seated on the right hand of the Father, there will come into his heart the full meaning of the verse she once taught him, but which he had never understood, that Christ meant the old mammy when he said, "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

From Century Magazine, October, 1902.

* "Whose' Gwine er Nuss de Baby"—For this and all the "Spirituals" referred to in these articles, see the collection at the end of the book.

"SENCE FREEDOM BROKE OUT"

It is a reasonable belief with us Southerners that it was an overruling Providence which took the savage negro from centuries of horrible slavery, cannibalism and idolatry and placed him under the training of the chivalric Southern people to the benefit of both races. We are much in debt to the toiling slave for his devotion to his master's interests. We appreciate that he has been a powerful factor in developing our Southland. The rice, sugar and cotton industries owe everything to his co-operation. The beneficent influence of the old slave was equally felt in the home life. Can we ever repay the sympathetic black mammy for her marvellous patience and gentleness? We are also grateful for the wealth of weird and beautiful African melodies in which the negro has so wonderfully imbedded and preserved the Bible truths.

On the other hand, is not the negro greatly in the Southerners' debt; and would there not be a better understanding all around if he realized it and publicly expressed occasionally a little loyalty to those who were and are his best friends? Did not our ancestors give him the language —no easy task with hordes of savages? Not only this, but they gave him the benefit of that personal contact which is always so necessary in every effort to uplift humanity. Under the old regime the slaves were taught habits of industry and many trades and arts of agriculture. Their masters fed and clothed them well, attended them faithfully in illness, and succored them in old age. Best of all, they were given, through hired white ministers, the precious Bible and regular religious teaching. That this is true is easily proved by the striking familiarity of all old ex-slaves with the Bible truths, and by their countless "spirituals" which are founded upon Bible texts. Many of the best Southern men were abolitionists at heart, feeling slavery to be a burden of wrong, but they could not see how, in justice to both races, they could rid themselves of the incubus. I have been taught that every true Southern woman spent much of her life in ministering to the spiritual and bodily needs of those so singularly dependent upon her, within her empire. Those women were born to a heritage of peculiar responsibility, and we, their children, should give them great honor for the noble way in which they fulfilled their difficult trust. Some day, when the heavenly accounts are all drawn up and the whole truth is known, there will be revealed the fact that the old slave days, with all their abuses, were the most unselfish, effective, and far-reaching force for missionary good this world has ever known. There lives in Georgia an old mammy called "Aunty Walker." She once said to me: "My moster's niggers had sich a easy time; we wuz called free niggers. I wuz proud o' bein' a slave and wuz larned to do eberyting well. Slaves wuz jest like chilluns is nowadays, ef yer don't keep right ahine 'em, dey shirks dar wuk! Dat's de way de niggers did soon as moster's back wuz turned! Den wheneber de oberseer gib em a little techin' up, off dey'd trot and git along ober de Macy and Dixie line. Hit didn't take 'em long ter fink up a pack o' lies and make a big, big mouf 'bout how dey wuz beated and starved down Souf—and chile, yo heah me? Yer knows dose Norven people is jes' natully big hearted and beliebin'—hee, hee—dey didn't know nuffin 'bout how a nigger can't help lyin' like us does, and so dey b'liebe all de lyin' tales dem niggers tole 'em and de whole war come on jes' dis heah way. Honey, hit 's terrible to fink how de good mosters and us good niggers had to suffer fer dem mazin' trifln', lyin' niggers what had de debbil himself for dare fadder!"

Convictions such as these are wide spread among the old slaves still living. I have interviewed thousands of negroes in various parts of the South; have through personal contact all my life fathomed their inmost thoughts, and I declare views as here expressed are representative of a large majority of former slaves.

In Florida lives Aunt Susan. She is a native of Virginia, and the greater part of her life was passed in that State. She looks about fifty years old though she is really over ninety. This splendid old auntie patiently stands at the wash tub all day long, rain or shine, under a rickety shed made of barrel staves and old shutters, held together by rope and discarded pieces of harness. She ought to be in bed, so swollen and painful are her ankles with rheumatism.

She was good enough to allow me to come many times to read to her from the Bible, and more than once her conversation naturally drifted into stories of her plantation days. One rainy day I found her washing in the house, and after she had listened attentively to the reading of her pet story of "Nora and de flood," encouraging me with many an ejaculation of "Dat's so, honey lamb, dats a true word. Bress de Lord!" I thought to draw her out, so I asked her if she worked harder in the old slavery days than now? This was enough to start her. She instantly let the clothes drop into the tub, and wiping her shriveled, whitened hands upon her underskirt began fiercely, "Wuk? You say wuk to me? I wuzn' no fiel' hand! I wuz a house nigger, me myself. Didn't know what wuk wuz! Didn't know I wuz a slave till dem white folks come down heah and tole us 'bout it. Gawd knows us wuz heaps mo' free dem days den us is now. Dese heah lazy, triflin' niggers, done bring all dis trouble on deyselves!" I here inquired what trouble she alluded to. She seemed to grow taller as she replied excitedly. "Trouble? Dis heah trouble ob habin' ter suppo't dere own famblies. No nigger like ter hab ter suppo't his own fambly—it's intirely agin nater. Niggers, dem days, wuz jest like us sees em goin' long now wid der carryin's on. I'se nebber seed a good nigger whupped in all my life, and I'se nebber seed a bad one whupped enough. Dat ain't heah nor dar, but dere ain't none ob us ole heads ben real happy sence freedom broke out."

I ventured to ask her if her husband was living. She fairly made me gasp when she innocently replied: "Not all ob 'um, tank de Lawd! De white ladies fink dey'se habin' a power ob trouble wid jes' one husband. Look at me! Done had four, and all mean niggers—no 'sputin' dat fac'. De last one, Tobe, wuz de meanest one ob de lot, fo' jes' as soon as freedom broke out, he ups and stole jes' nuff ter git in de Penetencher an' dar he is ter dis day I reckon, settin' up dar eatin' hisself fatter dan Br'er Possum, jes ter git shet ob suppo'tin' dem chilluns. Let me ax you sumpin' chile. Look at me straight and tell me hones'—now I gwine ax yer a question."

She tiptoed to the open door and looked up and down the gallery to assure herself that no one was eavesdropping, then shut the door tight, and turned the key in the lock, and coming back to me stealthily, began in a whisper. "Now tell me de trufe, chile; dere ain't nobody

From Boston Transcript, October 3, 1900.

gwine er heah—only Gawd am a-lookin' straight in yer heart. So tell me now hones': Did yo ebber see any *man*, specially any *'ooman*, what wuz *rale*, I say *puffectly happy married?* Humph?"

The poor old, simple soul looked so in earnest, and with the door shut and feeling God was looking in my heart I was afraid to tell a story, so I boldly said under my breath, "No, I never did, come to think about it."

This evidently satisfied the old philosopher, as she drew a long breath and exclaimed "Dat's de trufe. Yer sho' told it dat time. Now you watch round and mind what I done tole you. Gawd nebber 'ten' no man, specially no 'ooman, to be rale happy married. Case fo' why? Case marriage am jes' a discipline he sends from heaben ter prepare us fer de next world," pointing below. "Same way 'bout chilluns. People! Me knows, fur me done had nineteen head o' chillun in de Lawd. I followed right along ahine ma mudder, she had nineteen head afo' me."

"Aunt Susan," I asked: "Did you have good luck with your children?"

She drew another long breath, and replied slowly and wearily, shaking her head, and looking up above. "No honey, I nebber had no luck at all!"

"What; did they all die?" I inquired sympathetically.

"Die?" she exclaimed fiercely. "Die? No, chile, dey all libbed—ebbery last hair and hide ob 'em libbed! I nebber—had—no—luck—at—all! I fink it's dis heah way 'bout chilluns. When Gawd Almighty sends a nigger 'ooman a big crop o' chillun de best ting Him kin do is ter harvest 'em up in heaben, whar dare po' mudder knows dey is safe and out er harm's way. Des' look at my misery long o' chiluns. Dey all gone bad sence de Yankees turn 'em loose. De oldest, Jeems, wuz hung, de next one oughter hab been, one ob de lot am in de Penetencher, Sammy's in de callaboose in town now dis heah minute fo' bein' drunk and 'orderly. Ma gals ain't like de gals used ter be—dey married bad, and suppo'tin' lazy niggers and rafts ob chilluns. Dem what ain't is too stuck up ter work out at hones' libbin' sence dey larned to read and write. Dey nebber help dere old mudder! Not eben Abe, what's a porter on a Pullman train, nebber sends me a picayune. I nebber gets a Lawd's cent."

At this juncture an almost white mulatto boy of about eleven years of age came running in with grinning cheeks. He rushed up to the old woman and kissed her heartily. She gave his palate lock a jerk and pulled his head, first up and then down, and said, "Whar's all yo' manners dese days nohow? Curtsey to de lady—yo' heah?" Then changing her manner to a caressing one, she kissed his injured head and said, soothingly: "Patrick Henry, you is cuttinly de best chile I got. Fotch de lady some cawn pone and buttermilk I done put on de high shelf in de cupboard whar I know yer couldn't find it. Dat's a good boy. He's de best chile I eber had. Him is ma younges' baby."

I said incredulously: "Why Aunt Susan he can't be your child! What makes you tell him such——?"

Here she interrupted me as Patrick Henry made his exit in a handspring.

"Hish, child, hish!" So I hished! "Don't say nuffin' fo' him for Gawd's sake!"

She wiped away a rising tear with her knuckles. "I'll tell you how it wuz he come to be ma last baby. Mandy Jane wuz sho' 'nuff ma younges' baby, and she tuk some money frum a Yankee gentleman she wuz washin' for and when de sheriff come fer her, her baby wusn't but one day ole. I had heahed him comin' in de front do' and had done step her off thoo de old cawnfield and she dug out fer de Norf, and cose dere wusn't nobody like Mandy libbed dare. I tole him I jes' had a young baby, and I tuk her leetle baby and come down heah ter Fleuridy and passed it off fur ma very own." Her tears were falling fast and she shook with emotion. "Oh, don't say nuffin' fo' him for Gawd's sake; he fink I his onliest mammy—po' leetle lamb—and he b'liebe he ma youngest baby—and de neighbors don't know no better. Please don't nebber tell him de trufe," and I never told him.

This glimpse into Aunt Susan's philosophy shows the position so many of the old slaves take regarding the new responsibilities thrust upon them. I have yet to find any old Negroes who will tell me they had a cruel master. It is always "some other Negro" they knew about! Indeed, I have been told all my life by ex-masters that in the slave days any men who mistreated their slaves were socially ostracised. Isolated examples of brutality only serve to bring into stronger contrast the great mass of Christian slave owners to whom cruelty or oppression was an impossibility.

If only those who talk and write the most upon the great "wrongs of the Negro race," could live South for a few years they would find their opinions quietly veering around, and before long be thoroughly reconstructed "Yankees." They would discover that the self-respecting negro who is industrious is treated with consideration and esteem, and that the demand for efficient house servants and workmen far exceeds the supply. Our Southern housekeepers do not yet receive the benefits of the negro's education, which we so largely pay for—nor direct results so far as trained house service is concerned. As a rule the graduate of a colored college fits herself to teach or nurse or for some other profession, and usually moves North. The only outcome we see is the lamentable state of affairs that we cannot build up any more the restful, ideal homes our mothers and grandmothers did, because we cannot have the faithful nurses and cooks they had. Now every mistress of a home spends her whole life in teaching unwilling colored women to do housework, only to have them fail the first time company comes or someone is taken ill.

We Southerners are not strong enough to do our own work, nor have we the knowledge or system. So we have to submit to trials and vexations which our Northern sisters would not tolerate. Slavery days are not over for Southern mistresses so long as we can't wash a handkerchief clean to save our lives! The chronic complaint all over the South is "No girl," and here we see thousands of sickly mistresses, whereas our mothers were robust and able to rear large, happy and healthy families and so live out their own best selves. Ask any Southerner if he does not know personally of several small towns where there are hundreds of idle colored girls, while people all about are trying in vain to induce them to work. They seem to consider themselves above menial work. How some of them live is a sad mystery. Once in a small town, after doing my work for a little while, I became so exhausted that I felt desperate enough to offer the first sable goddess I'd meet to give her vocal lessons and to throw in the use of piano and the parlor for receiving her beaux.

At last I secured a high-stepping maid, who, after putting enough questions to me to satisfy the greedy census man, said to me loftily, "Well I'll come try you for a week if you'll promise to have only one table cloth in the wash a week, for Dr. P., says I'm weak in my arms; and I can't wash your windows, for I belong to the Union League." This meant I was to wash the windows, which I meekly did, and I at least got the corners clean, which she could never have done! I engaged her to rest my body, and after a week of her impudence and airs I discharged her in a hurry to rest my mind. Our "brother in black" is free—but as for the poor sister in white, she is yet to be liberated.

Mrs. S., lives in Massachusetts and writes a great many fine papers for her missionary society, upon the op-

pression of the negro and recently she has gone to North Carolina to live. In four weeks she has tried eight cooks, and if one may read between the lines of her interesting letters to me her views are slowly changing. She once said to me, "It's the way the Southern people treated them that makes them such bad servants." I replied: "A leopard cannot change his spots." She retorted: "The spots if there are any, were put in during the degredation of slavery," and I warmly answered: "We know they were dyed deep way back in Africa! and besides they were in worse slavery before coming to us."

But let's see her progress. In her next letter she frankly rehearses all her grievances to me as if she were the first white victim the up-to-date negro servant had ever subjugated! I consider her very unreasonable and exacting. Why she even objects to the cook's carrying home a basketful of provisions every night. She would be a stingy colored mother who would let "de ten head o' chilluns starve de Lawd done sont her!" My friend is surprised that the kitchen is filled with the cook's friends at every meal time. Does she not want her cook to dispense Southern hospitality? She seems greatly shocked because her poultry, scissors and underskirts keep disappearing! Now, any Southerner of good traditions expects certain negroes to be Communists as regards chickens and food and scissors and medicine and underskirts. In fact, they like to share almost everything in common! Mrs. S. does not like it that she can never find hot water in the kitchen, and Sally Ann will boil eggs in the teakettle! She writes in disgust that two of her cooks left without warning and one day while dinner was burning up, Melinda was off in her own room rubbing a face-bleach on her skin and applying the new preparation for removing kinks from African locks!

At last the climax is reached. Let me quote: "Do send me a white girl. I'm nearly distracted, and I've a houseful of company. I take it all back—you are all martyrs since the war. How can you put up with their shiftless, lazy ways, when your mothers had such faithful noble service? These young ones who are free are too impudent and mean. If I could only get one of the old mammies so many have had around here for years! Hereafter I'll call every Southern woman a missionary, for you seem to take it all patiently as a matter of course. This last piece I thought so good is named Temperance, and she takes two hours to eat her breakfast and two others to wash the china, and insisted upon washing it with an old sock and drying it on a piece of old skirt—notwithstanding an array of clean dishtowels swinging over her head! When I remonstrated she flounced out of the kitchen and ran out in the yard screaming, 'Wash 'em yourseff! I wont be nobody's nigger." Now she sends me word she is going to sue me for goodness knows what. These negro servants I find have it all their own way. After a while you Southern women must turn and send abroad for foreign help, or, best of all, do as we do in New England, train your daughters in the healthful athletics of the kitchen and laundry so as to be independent of this colored new woman. I'd like that nice girl you told me of at the Wetmore Home, if you can still get her." So ended poor Mrs. S's lesson.

The new negroes are not all spoiled, thank heaven! There are some perfect cooks among them who are so obliging and well trained that everyone wants them. The Government ought to pension a negro cook after a lifetime of faithful service to her country. She can discount all the chefs in the world in her fried chicken and beaten biscuits and gumbo. Such good cooks keep off indigestion, doctor's bills, and make homes happy, and contribute almost as much to a family's joy as a brand-new baby, and if they do give us more fried dishes—no Southerner ever has dyspepsia.

I was so fortunate as to run across a typical old mammy the other day right here in New York. She wears a bandanna headdress and is from Tennessee, and evidently does not approve of the new order of things. Her first words were of interest. She said: "How I likes de Norf? —hits a purty big city; tain't no place for nobody like you and me what's been brought up to do nuffin'! Pears to me like hit ain't nuffin but wuk, wuk, wuk, no lub—no fun—no Jesus Christ or nuffin—I washes and irons ma finger nails off and when I goes to sleep, dare sets de bundle ob washin', a pile high up on ma chist! Sence freedom broke out, look at eberyting, a-changin'—eben de 'oomens is a-trying ter be big mens——I 'longs ter a club, and de 'oomans tink dey's so big; 'Hi-yi' dey say to Gawd, 'Us kin make a better 'ooman dan yo' eber fought ob maken', and, hee—hee—Gawd he answers back, 'I never made no 'ooman could be fust-rate mudder ob de fambly and de man ob de house same time.' I'se been a watchin' dis freedom, an' hits a needin' chainin' up; dats what make I say what I does, case I see de debbil he got hold ob one end of freedom and de Lawd he got holt ob de udder. But de Lawd he'll sho' come out on top and dare won't be no more tanglement den, honey," Amen!

From where do they get all their philosophy? So, then, my colored mammy has solved the problem—this hated trouble of securing willing help at the South. Why have we never thought that all our difficulties are due to Satan's abuse of freedom, which he delights in making "break out" in so many distressing ways in order to blind men's eyes to its holier and inevitable possibilities? We all know God's true freedom will triumph for all mankind in the end. We are satisfied that even now in this transition stage we should not have this difficulty in obtaining good service if the negro race would heed and follow the teachings of their noble leader, Booker T. Washington, and others, who would have them understand that working with their hands is nobly serving their Maker.

This remarkable man is the result of prenatal slavery training, and an earnest of what God intends for all the negro race who use freedom aright. He appreciates, as few of them do, the value of the South's friendship. Perhaps he realizes that the South has always loved his people in a way the North never will, and that it is not to the interest of either the emancipated master or slave to antagonize a true and tried friend.

One must indeed be a blind student of the development of the Afro-American who does not see what marvelous advancement, numbers of the colored race are making along many lines of learning. If the franchise be taken away it will be a great blessing in disguise, for it will result in the whole race's speedily educating itself so as to vote intelligently and honestly. Even in bondage, with no learning, the race showed evidence of having remarkable talents for music, oratory, ministry and story telling! No matter where his future is to lie, he should have an all-around mental, moral and physical education to prepare him for his great duties; if in this country to help him in solving the problems which he, with the South *now* faces, and *later*, the *North will face;* if in Africa, to build up an African nationality there and become one of the world's great Powers.

An old nurse at home used to sing to us a beautiful cradle song which she said the slaves sang to help bring on the Civil War. And they would sing persistently, in spite of the master's threats of "shutting up the 'Prayer' house' if they did not stop it." It is martial in tune and spirit, and entitled, "Gawd bless dem Yankees; dey'll set me free," which seems, in the light of Cuba's emancipation and present crises to breathe a deep spirit of prophecy. One of the verses, "Gawd bless dem Yankees, we lub 'em

sweet," one may imagine was not sweet music to Southern ears.

How time has changed things, for since so many Southerners have come North to struggle for bread and butter, and the Northerners have lovingly held out their hands of help and fellowship, we too, can sing with the old mammy, "Gawd bless dem Yankees, we lub 'em sweet." And if we listen closely we can hear dear old England and other countries calling, "Gawd bless dem Yankees, we lub 'em sweet." This righteous Spanish war has left us no North and no South. We are all Yankees together, for in each soldier's grave there lies the "buried hatchet" of the Blue and the Gray! Our statue of Liberty will mean more and more, for is not the day coming when the oppressed in all the world will join in the grand chorus, "Gawd bless dem Yankees, dey'll set me free," until the very name of "Yankee" shall become a synonym for brotherly love, for universal fellowship, for that real freedom—the true liberty of Christ.

HANDS OFF THE NEGRO.

As so many of the negro servants spend their lazily and easily earned money on the ever ubiquitous excursion, which we poor oppressed white folks cannot afford to take, we mistresses, in consequence, thoroughly and frequently clean our houses and discover how much dirt has been overlooked.

This very frequent exodus of the negroes all over the South is not without its beneficial sanitary effect, in getting our homes thoroughly renovated during the absence of our "sable goddesses," for we all know the natural affinity between a darkey and the ingredients of Adam.

Perhaps some day these salutary excursions will be so on the increase (if that were possible) that we Southerners will learn how to work as well as our Northern sisters, and thus become independent of this colored "new woman."

The poor South is crying out for its old time, finely trained cooks and nurses and butlers—patterns of patience, docility, skill and politeness—it is sick unto death of the present generation of trifling, unstable, ignorant negroes, the expected result of freedom with the restraint and discipline of former days removed.

There are fine characters among them whom we all respect, but there are precious few among the race, of the younger generation, who know how to cook a palatable meal, sew neatly or properly attend to a baby's wants.

Every sane person feels that the negroes need less of "ologies" and more knowledge of manual training and hygeine.

One hates to see zealous Northerners, who do not understand the real conditions at the South or truly care for the negro as we Southerners do, come down here to do the work which it is certainly "up to us" to perform more intelligently and satisfactorily ourselves.

Why cannot we women (since we one and all vainly exhaust our daily lives doing the hardest kind of missionary work, viz: trying to instruct the ever vanishing servant) unite for self defence and form clubs to improve our wretched house service and engage skillful teachers to teach the children in the colored public schools how to work efficiently and conscientiously? Surely we women could not serve each other better, and life without constant service to others is no life at all, than by carefully training these children, who are destined afterwards to destroy the digestion, the temper and the religion of our dearest friends (their future mistresses) unless we unselfishly come to the rescue now. The teachers engaged should also give lessons in morality and deportment. It is most unfortunate that big-hearted Northern missionaries have found it necessary to come South to lift up the negro.

Southern people might in turn, with equal reason, find urgent work awaiting them, if they cared to expend their surplus energies and enthusiasm thus in ameliorating the horrible conditions under which the Northern white slaves do toil and languish.

But still we deserve this (I was about to say *alien* instruction, since Northern ideas on the negro question are utterly *foreign* to ours,) so long as we sit idly down and allow generous strangers to do our God given work for us, which we could, if we *only would*, do *so* much more effectively than they.

Are we Southern women making any united effort to give every negro child in the town in which we live, a determination to be clean (morally and physically), to be honest, to love the truth, to be obliging, and to be the best, most skilled colored worker in his or her line?

Deep down in the hearts of many conservative Southerners is the conviction that up to the present time it is the outside influence and teaching which have utterly ruined the black race.

If this work is left hereafter, even in part, to be carried on by Northern zeal, can we not see that the future negroes, like the present generation, will view all Southerners from a very different standpont from that which we would give them?

Had the South realized her responsibility and duty to the negro "sence freedom broke out," and given him the necessary industrial training as she did before the war, the colored people would not so soon have forgotten the everlasting debt of gratitude they owe to the South for all her kindness, wonderful forbearance, and patient training, which their parents had received in the old missionary slavery days; for the faithful Masters were surely the greatest missionaries who ever lived.

Let us say to the generous North: "You could not take them from us, they still belong to us exclusively, and you, by your lack of knowledge of the negro character and needs, are not in our eyes the wisest teachers of this peculiar race. Hereafter if you will trust your Southern brothers' judgment, as he has had longer experience, in this delicate matter of training the negro, we will *prove* to you, that we *do* understand and appreciate the negro race far better than you ever did or will."

Louisville Courier Journal, December 14, 1902.

Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers.

Had the South been let alone and trusted it would have required but a few more years for the unnatural system of human bondage to have died of itself a natural death, for it was no longer profitable, except in two or three States where the larger plantations could be successfully worked.

In one of the most interesting and truthful, though unknown, books which was ever written on the South, entitled "A Southern Planter," and to which Mr. Gladstone himself wrote the preface, we read, on pages 312 and 313 that before the war wise southern leaders were constantly introducing measures in their legislatures looking to the peaceful abolition of slavery.

Just at the time when there seemed every probability that our southern men would be able to solve their own problem satisfactorily there came on the scene a new leader, a stranger to those fair parts. He chanced one glorious summer day to be walking up and down a lovely shaded lane beside a grand ancestral estate in far-famed old Virginia. He looked about him and saw countless broad fair acres, all gladly yielding their increase. He heard the merry shouts of laughter from hundreds of happy negroes at work, broken occasionally by bursts of joyous religious song. On every hand he discerned peace and plenty. He saw the courtliest, bravest race of knightly, stalwart men, growing up like their fathers before them, tall and straight and handsome; courteous men who set women up on their rightful pedestals and kept them there. He saw the fairest, tenderest women gladly dependent upon their natural protectors; he traveled all over the lovely Southland, and everywhere as far as his eye could reach were homes which were ruled by love alone, each home a perfect heaven in itself. And Oh! the happy childhood he found there! Nothing like it had he ever seen before. Enviously he exclaimed, "This will never do, these people love God and are perfectly happy. My power is threatened, and I must change all this, and quickly, too, for I see these mothers are proud to possess large families of children to train for God's kingdom, and soon the hosts of good will outnumber my followers, and then I shall be hopelessly lost. I can scarcely credit my senses. If these southerners have not taken these black savages, whom I thought were forever mine, and even gone to Christianizing them, and they in turn are teaching the white babies here to love and memorize God's Holy Word. I have never yet seen such noble men and women—I have never before found such stern sense of duty and principal as actuates their every motive. I have not come a moment too soon, for directly my kingdom would have been gone forever." So spake his political majesty, Satan, as he hurried away to execute his plans. Before leaving the South, however, he had promised large rewards to a few treacherous slaves who would do his bidding.

Arriving at the cold, frozen North he knocked gently at the hearts of a few receptive, sympathetic, credulous souls, and calling himself, "The Voice of the Lord," he gained a royal entrance therein, and straightway those same misguided agents of his were filled with a burning zeal to abolish slavery and carry out, as they now believed, the Lord's will.

Ever a fine Bible scholar, Satan was quite ready at this juncture with a convincing text, and hunting up some weak minds whom he knew were naturally jealous of the South's prosperity he whispered to them insidiously, "Remember Paul's words, and act upon them, 'let no man seek his *own* but every man *another's* wealth.'"

History shows us that they straightway sought it most assiduously, and successfully, and there be some southern people today who are not learned in up-to-date business methods, who think that they discern in the grasping greed of the commercial world some evidences still of the influence of this once potent motto.

These energetic abolitionists did not let the grass grow under their zealous feet, but began to sow the seeds of discontent among the very slaves in whose hearts Satan had already left his poison. They listened with itching ears to the lies of his run-away slaves, how they were beaten mercilessly, starved inhumanly and brutally overworked, (as if anyone ever got any hard work out of an old-fashioned, free-from-care "nigger,") and worst of all how they were tracked and torn to death by the fiercest of blood hounds! Poor little northern children! How they must have been terrified by these same gruesome stories along with their bedside prayers!

Yes, these emissaries of Satan took the South's wealth, but had that great apostle of God, Abraham Lincoln, lived, this wrong would have been righted, for slavery must have been lawful under the Constitution, else it would not have been necessary to add that controversial amendment, and so we feel deep down in our inmost hearts that the government of the United States still lawfully owes to the South millions of dollars.

The Racial Gulf.

Generous northerners seek in vain to catch our southern viewpoint of the vexed negro question.

The whole trouble and difficulty lie in just one thing and nothing else. We are willing to give the negro an all-round mental, moral, physical and spiritual education, but we insist upon the utter segregation and social isolation of the colored man. No proposed standing army can ever change the attitude of the whole South upon this question. No qualification or highest education of the negro could ever make the true Southern man welcome that negro into his family or hold out to him the tiniest tip of social recognition, for he believes that the mingling of a higher race with a lower one to be an abomination unto the Lord. Around this pitiful point future wars and causes of war must lie.

Were not our southern fathers far-sighted when they used to declare that they were fighting, not only for the Constitution, but for the future purity of the American white race?

We do not mean to be cruel or inhuman, as visionary outsiders often think us, when we place the colored people in separate restaurants, cars and waiting rooms.

What often appears as cruelty to human beings is simply an outward expression of an instinctive racial gulf, which we think God fixed unalterably when He Himself first wisely segregated the negro race far off in Africa.

If it were only possible to instill into the negroes themselves a race pride which would give them an equal horror of that miscegenation which works such havoc with its innocent but wretched, sickly victims.

As matters stand today the feelings of the negroes are

From Presbyterian Standard, December 16, 1903.

continually lacerated, because, forsooth, we will not call them "Mr." and "Mrs." and colored "ladies" and "gentlemen."

Now, southern people are credited with having very kindly hearts as a usual thing, but in this respect they see things in a way that from the colored man's present standpoint may be unbearable and goading to a degree. So long as the colored man is willing to take a so-called inferior position, and, as we say, "know his place and keep it," there is smooth sailing, but let him dare show any familiarity, and the most intense feeling of antagonism arises toward him. One's brain sickens and faints at the thought of America's future. There is one righteous solution, and that God alone knows.

For all the bitter feeling of to-day on the part of the young southern negroes toward their best true friends, their southern white neighbors, and for all the blood to be shed in the future, we, in our narrow vision, can only thank two sources, that is, the misguided, interfering outsiders since the days before '60, as focused by Harriet Beecher Stowe, who gave to the world a false impression of the treatment of slaves by the majority of generous, religious, true-bred gentlemen, their southern masters, and a few tactless missionaries sent south since the war to lift up (?) the negro.

I have interviewed all of my life great numbers of ex-slaves, and I have yet to find one old slave who will say that he or she was cruelly treated.

Would it not be a good thing, in order to secure to posterity a true knowledge of the situation in those blessed old missionary slave days, to take down, ere it is too late forever, in the presence of just northern witnesses, the sworn testimony of every old slave still living? My! what an everlasting exoneration our ancestors would have even at this late day!

Most southern slave holders were abolitionists at heart but they did not see how they could disentangle themselves from the rank growth of that tropical weed, slavery, which they had so disastrously secured from a sickly northern graft. The southern masters who did abuse their slaves were always instantly and most justly ostracized socially by their fellow planters.

Part Played by "Yankee" Traders.

A slave trader was in the eyes of all southern men the lowest, most loathsome human being, and there exist a number of reminiscent old men dwelling below the Mason and Dixon line who love to tell their little interested grandchildren how the majority of slave ships captured by naval officers were usually found to be manned by "Yankee" traders.

Slaves were spoken of always as "our people," and were kept when possible under the same ownership. When colored parents must needs be separated there were not often such heart-breaking scenes as those blood curdling tales (to be found in the books and tracts distributed throughout the North) would have us to believe. Negro mothers are often unkind and cruel to their own children, though devoted as a rule to their white charges, whom they respect. Many a slave mother has said to her master, "Ef yer don't sell dat trifln' Jim o' mine 'way fum heah, I's gwine to kill 'im," and not infrequently the master had to protect children from their savage mothers' rage, and forcibly separate certain dangerous negro families, for the safety of the lives of some of their members.

The North does not understand nor love the sure-enough African in his present illiterate, irresponsible, shiftless state, and we of the South do not understand or care for the educated negro.

As the uneducated, as well as the educated, colored people, are moving North to secure the social and political equality which we will never give them, it may not be many years before the northern section of the United States is overrun by them, and then, since they will not be properly appreciated, the ruptures will be sure to come, and if I were to turn prophet I should say, "In that event it will be God pity the negro and God pity the North, for a great race war will take place and the few negroes who do escape alive will fly back down home to their only true friends, and they will long for the blessed old days when their jolly, easy-going fathers held the patient southerners in bondage."

Best Northerners Always Loved South.

All over the North, particularly in so-called "abolition" New England, the best, most cultured and broadest-minded people tell me that personally they have no false sentiment regarding the negro, and when it comes actually to the point of having him near them, they want none of him. On every hand there exists a peculiar state of affairs, namely, they declare that they have always sympathized with the South, and maintain that is was only bad politicians during the sixties who made all of the trouble, so we of the South must no longer be unjust enough to hold these representative, hospitable, generous people responsible for the impulsive talk and actions of certain misguided, bungling leaders of '60, '65 and 1903.

Harping on Lynchings.

When men who stand high in the literary world have said that they have gone all over the South and have talked to the negroes about the wrongs of their race, we have patiently borne it though we mentally blamed them for deliberately stirring up bitterness.

Nor when a few injudicious editors and irreligious pharisaical lecturers have seen fit to wound our scarred feelings without mercy for many years by harping upon every just or unjust lynching, have we been so ungenerous as to retort when similar horrors at the North have given us frequent opportunities to do so.

We lay it to the doors of unwise politicians exclusively for calling confederates "traitors" in the histories which I am told our Southern children living up North must now read.

We know when a college professor, in the heat of an argument, and to justify his unnatural and un-godly position, declares that if his daughter wishes to marry a negro of superior educational and social qualifications he will interpose no barrier to their union—that his mind is simply wavering—that he does not in the least represent the real best brains of the North.

Industrial, Particularly Domestic Training for the Negro Children the Only Hope for the South.

If we are to be trusted at all in this matter of solving the negro question of the South, why not turn over to us exclusively the training of the negro children, and let us continue the slower industrial training of the slavery days, which was exactly suited to his lazy nature? We would make the next generation of colored people once more the "past masters" that they used to be in cooking, nursing, house service, agriculture, and many trades.

We have good common sense, and if there could only be arranged a peace congress, where North and South could dispassionately discuss this subject, great good would result therefrom, providing of course, that the South could keep its temper, and the North would generously humble itself for once and confess that, through overzeal and misdirected kindness, it had blundered, and ask the advice of

its Southern brother who, it will not be denied, has had centuries more of experience in training the peculiar negro, and should be supposed to know a little more about him than any stranger.

Instead of the South wasting any more of its hard earned money upon the impossible higher education of the great mass of negroes, let us give them as a whole domestic training and sound Bible teaching, employing white ministers to lead them, as in the old regime, and then later on expend all our surplus money and energy in colonizing the race somewhere as Abraham Lincoln suggested, and give it a chance to show if it be really capable of self-government and higher culture.

As a temporary place of colonization we might try New England, since the historic "underground railroad" has already given the negro a taste for travel, and the best and and most acceptable charity that could be extended him by the South would be a free ticket one way to such a colony at the welcoming North.

An Old Slave's Honest Opinion.

I have interviewed quite recently an old ex-slave. When I asked him his opinion of educating the negro he answered earnestly as follows: "Why, honey, hit's gwine do 'er lot ob good. I's been studin' 'bout dis heah edicatin' de nigger, an' I tells yer how de Lawd tole me to wuk hit in ma mind.

"Once on er time de gov'ment put all de money hit had layin' by inter penitenchures and calabooses, den arter hit dun spent all hit's money, dar wasn't nobody in de jails, so de gov'ment said ter hitself, 'I got ter fill dem penitenchures somehow, an' I knows how I gwine do hit! I gwine edicate de nigger!' Dat's what I gwine do,' an' fo' Gawd, chile, hit sho' did wuk fine, for dis heah jail in town and de one in Jacksonville, an' all de penitenchures up Norf am 'pletely filled intirely wid edicated niggers, an' de gov'ment done got hits money back, case (he-he-he) ef yer edicate a nigger he go to de debbil an' fo'ge de pen, an ef yer edicate er white man he turns inter an angel an' gits like Gawd hisself. Yes, chile, hit done er lot ob good, fo' de gov'ment done got all hits money back."

Mrs. Stowe's Attitude.

Since writing the above last January, I have been inquiring into the attitude which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe assumed toward the negro race after she removed to her Southern home at Mandarin, Florida.

It is said that she gave orders that no negro was ever to enter her yard. Rumor also avers that shortly before her death she declared that if she had fully understood the negro nature she would never have written "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and moreover that she keenly regretted her part in bringing on the war.

Religious Education for Negroes.

The annual conference of the Board of Southern Education always calls out many utterances to the effect that the education of the negro makes him more criminal. According to dry statistics, this seems to be true, for at the North, in New England, where the illiteracy is at a minimum, crime is at a maximum. May I be permitted here to show that statistics may not always be found reliable?

Now, we Southerners do not take the negro seriously, nor do we bring him to task for his many innate faults, Did we notice all his short comings, as Northerners would, I think his Southern criminal record would match his record at the North—so that till we Southerners drag him up to court every time he deserves it, we cannot say that education hurts the negro. We make the best of their idleness and superstitions, and other inherent weaknesses, taking it all in meekness and patience, bearing with them for what their mothers were to our mothers. Why? Because we look on in pity, and see that the poor negro is not responsible for his many failures to-day. We see three causes working against his permanent uplifting.

First, there is the savage ancestry which continually asserts itself.

Second, the misplaced Northern compassion, which threatens everlastingly to place a breach between the young negro and his best friends—the Southerners.

Third, in abolishing the Southerner's watchful care and substituting alien control, unfortunately the regular Bible teaching was left out and has not since been restored.

During slavery there was regular instruction given in God's Word—all the old slaves almost knew the bible by heart, and all of their beautiful slave hymns in every locality in the South are composed of endless Bible quotations. Their constant communion with God softened their savage natures and changed their hearts, but, alas! the only prop which can lift up any people has been taken from under them. The South, with crushed hope and ruined purse had no heart to continue the Bible instruction. This has been our sad mistake. We should not have let the children ever slip from under our loving care and be weaned from us.

The whole trouble, then, I am thinking lies, not in giving an education to the colored people, but in not giving them the religious training with which our fathers provided their parents. All the education in the world cannot change the human heart. The old slave had no book learning, but he had gentle manners, and the Bible had been so woven into his inner nature that he had become a strong tower of faith, and in the eyes of all Southern children a rugged rock of real religious refuge. No one but an ignorant Northerner who had never traveled would dispute that the old slaves were generally given the best of religiouns teaching.

There are not many colored preachers who are to-day really capable of leading their flocks to a true knowledge of God's word. They do the best they can, but the majority of them are ignorant, and often innocently sacrilegious. The churches seem to be left entirely in the hands of the negroes. Their ministers should be trained, for they are the natural leaders of their people. They are generally eloquent, for they are born orators; some are educated and spirit-filled, but the great rank and file of them in the rural districts preach sermons like one delivered a few weeks ago in Florida: "Bredderen, yer wants ter know how Gawd made Jesus Christ? Why, He jes' lay down de Holy Ghost and cut out de pattern by Him."

Oh, that some of this generous Northern and Southern wealth could be devoted to restoring the Bible to its supreme place in the teaching of the negro race!

There is a danger that we, ourselves, having been deprived for so many years of the light of the Bible in our schools, have not sufficient spiritual eyesight left to discern that the cause of all American problems is the fact that we have abandoned the practice of memorizing the Scriptures. We are so blind we do not see that the internal peace and institutions of America are permanently threatened unless the Book of God is placed in the schools of both races and that with no delay.

New York Evening Post, May 2, 1904.

"I's Sorry Fo' Bits."

(A Fernandina Funeral Sermon.)

Brother Jenkins had died; there he lay in a rude pine box before the altar. The church was crowded with sorrowing mourners; the men sat on the right side, and the women on the left. Bandanna handkerchiefs were in evidence. There was much sniffling and wailing and howling. Brother Johnson was preacher and sat directly behind the coffin, facing the congregation. He had asked Brother Gardner, the presiding elder, to say a few words about the dear departed. Brother G. arose, clearing his throat vigorously and wiping his eyes again and again. He glanced toward the Amen corner where sat the bereaved widow, Matilda and a long row of fatherless children. Clearing his throat again, he began in a most solemn and holy tone: "Bredderin' an' belubbed friends ob de po' departed Brudder Jinkins: We is gaddered here ag'in to-day to mourn the obsequies ob dis heah 'pillar ob de church;' him was a 'lily ob de valley,' a 'flower ob de flock,' an' de shepherd ob Israel; him was de bes' husband an' fadder dat any 'ooman ebber had; him was a chile ob de Lawd; him was de bes' man dat ebber trod de streets ob Fernandina, an' we 'sembles to offer our sympathies to-day to po' Sister Matilda, an' dem thirteen head ob fatherless chillin." Howl after howl went up; even some of the visitors felt impressed with the importance of the late brother, and sympathized deeply with the poor sorrowing widow and wondered how the church would ever get along without him.

Suddenly Brother Johnson, the preacher, interrupted the speaker as he was about to continue his flowery praise, and, standing on tiptoe and screaming out with all his might, called in thundering tones: "Brudder Gardner, am yo' thoo'? Am yo' thoo' tellin' all dem beautiful lies? I want yo' to know dat nigger am dade; him's a long ways past whar dem beautiful lies ob yourn am gwine to do him any good whatsomebber, an' him's a long ways past whar my trufe am a gwine ter hurt him, an' I's gwine to tell de trufe 'bout dat nigger! Him was the dade-beatenest nigger Fernandina ebber seed! Him was drunk hand runnin' ebery night fo' forty years. Yo' an' me, Brudder Gardner, ain't done nuffin but pull him out ob de callaboose thousands ob times." (pointing to the dead), "Yo' know dat's de trufe, ole man, no 'sputin' wid me now; lie down dar quiet, I say; de Lawd knows yo' would be drunk dis minute if de debbil didn't hab yo', or had any whisky dar you could buy. I want de congregation to stop all dat snifflin' 'round heah ober dat lazy, triflin', drunken nigger; an' as fo' wastin' your sorrow ober po' sistah Matilda, an' dem thirteen hade ob fadderless chillin, I, me, myself fink she done made mighty good riddance ob bad rubbish," (with a loving glance toward the Amen corner), "an' I hope de fust young buck she'll spark will be *me*! An' what's more, dis heah nigger cost me money fo' dis box to bury him in; I's out ob pocket $5, and I's gwine to be disembursed befo' I leab de meetin'!

"Yo's all sayin' yo's sorry 'roun' heah; now I's gwine to gib yo' de chance to show how sorry yo' am sho' 'nuff; come 'long heah ebery last one ob yo' an' put yo' money dawn in tangible sorrow an' show how sorry yo' is; walk 'long up libely now an' put yo' money down. Sistah Polly Ann, yo's workin' fo' $15 a month; yo' handkerchief done say yo's sorry a lot; what yo' pocketbook done t'ink about hit? How sorry is yo', Sistah Polly?" Sister Polly tucked away her handkerchief and sailing up the aisle, plaintively said, "I's sorry fo' bits," and laid down fifty cents upon the coffin. The preacher kept on with the collection: "How sorry is yo', Brudder Gardner? come 'long up heah an' lay down yo' money! How sorry is de mudder ob de chu'ch?" The mother of the church walked up and was sorry "six bits," and laid down her money. "How sorry is *yo'*, Sister Ann?" Sister Ann grieved to the extent of "two bits," and so on through the congregation. The women hurried up the aisle, proud of a chance to show off their new frocks, and put down their money in "tangible sorrow." One old auntie hobbled up on her cane until she reached the coffin, when wheeling about and facing the congregation, she exclaimed: "I nebber heah de trufe tole befo' at any nigger funeral, an' I's gwine to tell de trufe. Brudder Jinkins was de meanest nigger de Lawd ebber made, an' I ain't sorry one picayune!" and here she gave the coffin a thundering rap with her cane, "fo' yo' sho stole ebery hog I ebber had in Fernandina." And thus Brother Johnson called out an honest expression of "tangible sorrow" to the amount of $10.75; $5 he put instantly into his pocket, the rest he turned over to the widow; and in less than two weeks he was the proud possessor of the remainder of the funeral money, for he bravely married the widow and the thirteen "head" of fatherless children.

Lazy Dink—A Runaway Slave.

"Yas'm I done clean fo'got how ter sing dese days, but when I wus a little boy I wus so lazy. (My Lor'!)

Ole gen'leman tole me one mawnin', 'Look heah, nigger, I want yer to take dat ole gray mule an' go down an' lay by dat co'n.'

I taken dat plow an' went down an' lay by one row, an' I got back den, an' I looked up at de sun, an' it wus so hot, and I wus so hot, an' so lazy! (My lor!)

I hopped ober de fence an' laid down under er little shady bush, an' dar I slep' all day. Dat ebenin' I took de mule out an' went to de house, an' fo' I got dar, I got to feelin' so good I thought I'd sing some, an' I say:

Lord, Lord, How happy I feel,
Oh, How happy I feel,
Oh, How happy I feel,
Oh, How happy I feel.

I took out my mule an' put her in de lot, jus' as if she'd been workin' all day, an' give her a hearty supper.

Ole gen'leman come 'long den an' say, "Look er heah nigger, how does yer git erlong terday?"

An' I say, 'Sorter so-so;' (My lor!)

I go ter bed, and nex' mawnin' 'fo' I could git up, ole gen'leman went down in de fiel' an' seen I hadn't done er Lord's t'ing.

He come back an' say, "Nigger, I done thought I tole you ter lay by dat co'n."

I tole him I lay by, an' ef he didn't belebe it, go down an' look under dat little green bush whar I slep' all day.

He say, 'Look heah, nigger, dar's gwine be trouble dis mawnin'."

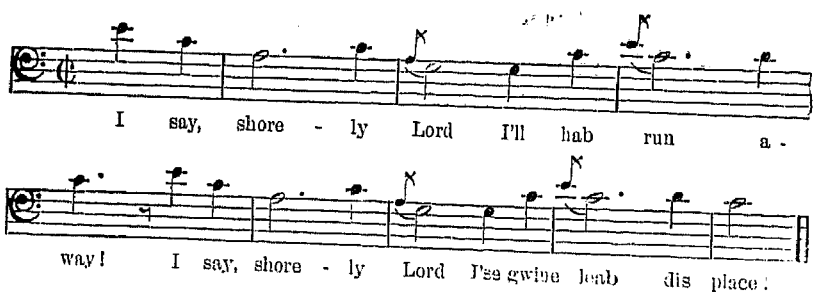
I commenced feelin' worried, yer know, like boys when dey's mans, yer know.

I runned erway in de woods an' stayed 'bout two days an' er half, an' I got so hongry! (My lor!) Come 'long back to de house, an' ole gen'leman was in de room whar dey keeps de whippin' tools. He got er cat o' nine tails, an' laid me thirty-nine stripes an' I laid sick on him four or five days. On de fif' day ole gen'leman come erlong an' say, "How you feel, nigger?"

I say, "Jus' so-so." (My lor!)

Ole gen'leman say, "Nigger, I gwine gib you easy job dis mawnin'. I want yer take dese slops an' take 'em down to de pasture an' feed dem pigs."

I tole him, "All right, suh," an' took de bucket an' got 'bout half way 'tween de pasture an' de road, an' den I sing ernuder song, mek me feel so happy:

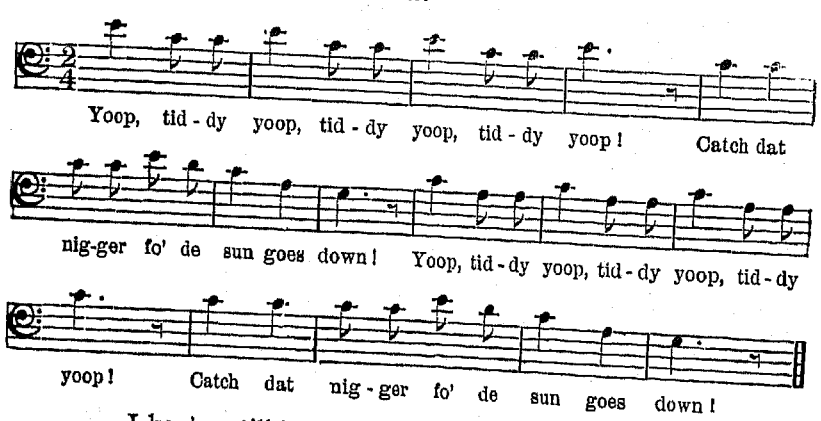


I hopped ober de fence an' run on 'bout my business. Was gone 'bout two days an' a half. Old Master come 'long an' say "Dat nasty triflin' rascal won't do one t'ing I tell him ter do."

I hear him when he blow de horn. I heah him say, "He-hoo! He-hoo!"

I commenced gittin' so worried! (My lor!)

I heerd de big blood houn's an' de little puppies comin' out fum under de fig trees, peach trees, apple trees, an' fum all out under de little shady places. I heerd Marse blow he ho'n an' call like dat:



I kep' on till I come to er big ditch, yer understan', whar de little puppies couldn't git ercross .I hollered back at de little puppies: "Yer can't git me, no yer can't! Yer can't git me, no yer can't."

Yas'm I was gone dis time 'bout two days an' er half. But I got so hongry! (My lor!)

De ole gen'leman had lots ob water millions an' pertaters all planted in hills tergedder. I scratched up de ole gen'leman's pertaters, an' busted open his bigges' water millions, an' jus' ruined de ole gen'leman's property completely entirely.

De ole gen'leman come 'long nex' mawnin' an' see what I done all day, an' he pinted his finger on de groun' an, say, "Didn't nobody do dat but dat nasty good-fernuffiin' rascal nigger!"

De ole gen'leman sing out, mad like:

"I gwine kill dat little boy, ef it cos' me my life!
I gwine kill dat little boy, ef it cos' me my life!"

Den he 'cided to sen' for Moshay's houn's. I heerd him when he blow; "He-hoo!" I commenced gittin' so trubbled! (My lor!)

"He-hoo! He-hoo! He-hoo!"

An' Marsa, he sic 'em on me:

"Yoop, tid-dy yoop, tid-dy yoop. tid-dy yoop!
Catch dat nig-ger fo' de sun goes down.
Yoop, tiddy yoop, tiddy yoop, tiddy yoop!
Catch dat nig-ger fo' de sun goes down."

Yas'm I 'gun gittin' so trubbled! Understan', Moshay's houn's nebber missed er nigger in dare life. 'Bout dat time de houn's got dar.

"Take him Trip! Take him Trim!

Don't care how ole dat nigger is, he can't win."

I heah dem houn's er-barkin' an' er-callin'; "Head number one, feet number two, waist number three, leg number four; all put tergedder 'bout twenty one er two; Ham, Ham, Midlin', Leg, Leg, Trunk."

(These expressions are supposed to represent to the negro mind the cries of the hounds choosing the parts they are going for, gloating over their expected tid bits. This is a survival of a cannibal practice.)

'Bout dat time yer know I got down to er little country farm. Wasn't nobody dar but er little yaller gal. She was so han'som'! (My lor!) I tole her if ebber er man come 'long and ax her ef she seen er nigger, ter tell him "No."

Soon as I gone, ole gen'leman come up, and he axed her "Did you see ary little boy come up?"

She tole him "No," jus lak I say. She done jus' lak I tole her ter do.

Ole gen'leman say, "I don't care for dat, I gwine try de houn's anyhow; dey nebber fools me."

Dem houn's got arter me an' I went way down de road an' commenced studying 'bout dat little yaller gal, Den I commence ter sing:

"I's gwine marry dat little gal, ef it cos' me my life!
I's gwine marry dat little gal, ef it cos' me my life!
I's gwine marry dat little gal, ef it cos' me my life!"

Understan', I got down dar an' de houn's commenced pushin' me tight. I say, "Lawd, Lawd, help! Lawd, help!" Look like de Lawd ain't gwine help me.

An' ef yer didn't see one of de bigges' races 'tween er nigger an' er pack ob houn's yer see befo' in all yer life, den I nebber tell de trufe befo'.

Git me? No dey didn't! Case I cut cross nudder road lickity split straight fo' home and hid in de kitchen, case I'se so hongry. (My lor!)"

Singin' Sam.

Singing Sam was considered one of the leading lights of the Primitive Baptist church, and when it came to singin' and moanin' he was without a rival. Suddenly, however, he fell from grace, for he was convicted of horse stealing, and so soon as he was languishing in the penitentiary he was summarily thrust out of the church.

Not long after I visited the Primitive Baptist to witness the ceremony of foot washing. To my amazement there was "Singin' Sam," whom I supposed to be safe for some years behind prison walls, up in the amen corner, leading the shouting, the patting and the singing. At the close of a prolonged service he came up grinning and greeted me: "Why, chile, I's powerful glad to see you back!"

Not being able to conceal my astonishment, I said bluntly, "Why, Sam, I heard you were sent to the penitentiary and turned out of the church."

"I wuz. Dat am a fac'," he replied, with the most flattered expression on his face. "It wuzzn't none ob my white frien's put me in dar. It wuz jes' a lyin' nigger what done tole on me and got me sont up. But de Lo'd ho'ps po' sinners. Fur sence I broke out de jail and come home de elders ob de board held a meetin' and 'pletely zonerated me and passed what dey calls de resolutions ob respec' for de widow and de chilluns, and dey done sont me by de mudder ob de church dese most sagacious testimonial like. Want to see 'em? Jes' read 'em."

Whereupon he proudly pulled out a roll of foolscap paper, thumbed and soiled as though it had been handled by hundreds of dirty fingers.

"It do say dey sarched de whole town aroun' and dey couldn't find nary nuther nigger what could run de Primity church in de same style me did nohow, an' dey couldn't find nary nudder member what was so 'pletely filled wid de power ob de holy spirit as 'Singin' Sam.' An' so dey done ax me, in dis heah paper, ef I wouldn't oberlook de past and come back in de bosom ob de church."

Uncle Jeter Churns the Butter.

Like David of old, the negro sings to accompany his dances. Certain dances are always accompanied by verses which have become wedded to them, but generally speaking, the negro improvises his words to suit each dance and delights to pour into interested ears wonderful tales of his life, his loves, his fights and superstitions, and then again, he will delight one with thrilling accounts of how many chickens have been hatched and the number of kittens and puppies newly arrived in the barn.

Dancing is often a part of their religious worship, and each locality has a different shout step and a different song to shout by.

Old Uncle Jeter was a much overworked negro on a Virginia plantation.

He had to churn the butter three times a week!

This was the limit of his occupation, to be sure; but when one considers that it always took him four hours to bring the butter, and that he had to dance all the old dances he ever knew, and improvise the most wonderful vocal accompaniments while he churned that butter to please a crowd of pestering children, who "would not get out of de way and run 'long back in de house," then one begins to realize poor Jeter's overburdened life.

The old darkey took upon himself the extra burdens of keeping the family supplied with 'possums and rabbits and quail, then besides he was always the first to run up to the big house to warn the family that company was coming up the road, so that things could be straightened up by the time the visitors got there.

Those who knew him best appreciated the burden of his talk and the sincerity of his opening lament. He would sing violently, churning for dear life:

"Butter, butter, come 'long, butter," stopping to pat and sing as he danced the favorite; "I's a lady! I's a lady! I's a Tallahassee lady! I's a New York ah lady! I's a Alabama lady! I's a Tennessee ah lady! I's a Louisiana lady! Can't you knock it? Can't you knock it, Tommy Walker? Can't you knock it? Can't you knock it, Tommy Walker? Can't yeu knock it? Oh! butter, butter, butter!" Then he would stop to scold the children.

"Git 'long, chillun! Git out ob Jeter's way! Git 'long back in de house! You's de pestifinous chillun yo, ma ebber had. I raise a lot ob young ones befo' you, and yo' needn't tink ole Jeter got nuffin to do but ride dis churn and sing and dance just for yo' young ones! Git 'long from heah, I done tole yo'! Yo' be de death ob dis butter yit! Been churnin' dis ole butter since sun up a 'ready! Dat's right, baby! Come 'long, little Miss Dollie, yo' is de purtiest leel gal! Ho'p Uncle Jeter all yo' kin to churn dis butter! Lay yo' leel white han' right on my big ole fat, black paw, and us bring dis ole butter quicken'r wink! Hurry up, Moss Charley, you go in de house. You kin bring me de salt. Dat's right! If you's a good boy, I'll dance for you ag'in ef you fotches me de big pan fum de kitchen. Don't git de dish pan, fo' Gawd's sake! Make Calline gib yo' de butter pan, chile." Then singing and churning again: "Come 'long butter; ho'p me, ho'p me fadder, ho'p yo' chile, Paul and Peter, ef yo' kin, ho'p dis nigger, po' ole man."

All this time churning and singing and dancing simultaneously, recounting all his woes and exploits, much to the delight of the children, who capered around and of whose presence he was now utterly oblivious.

"Holy 'oman, holy man,
Can't yo' dance de 'rang ou tang?
Went ter town ter buy some soap,
See de lady on a buzzard lope."

Here he stops dancing and churning, and assuming a solemn, injured air, chants dolefully:

"Ah, dem Randolph chillun, po' Uncle Jeter, he hate dem chillun when dey come to see Miss Lou. Dey bring de whole lot wid dey nusses and all, and den I wuks harder den ebber—has to carry dem 'pig fashion' all 'round de lot—has to hitch all de ponies, and mek' bleeb I's a hoss

too. Ah, butter, butter, come 'long, butter. Dat yo' callin' me, Miss Lou? Hit's a-comin'! Don't keep a-worryin' me, Miss Lou! You chilluns git out my way! Yo' go in de house, Miss Lou, an' ten' to yo' business an' I'll ten' ter mine!" (Exit Miss Lou.) "Uncle Jeter nebber gits dis butter churned till de Lawd sen's Fourth ob July." (Begins to dance.) "Whar yo' gwine, buzzard? Whar yo' gwine, crow? Gwine to de ribber to jump Jim Crow. Turn about, wheel about, jump Jim Crow! An' ebery time I turn about I jump jes' so.

Possum up de gum stump
Rabbit down de holler,
Ole dog tuk de track,
Young 'un wouldn't foller."

Continues singing and jumping up and down, "M', m', m', dat was a fine possum. I's de bes' possum hunter in de county. O! Hi! I kin see him hangin' on a pole. 'M, m' 'm, Mr. Possum, yo' better watchout to-night, fo' yo' ain't too young and yo' ain't too ole. Good bye yo' rabbits, I kin smell you to-night, for de moon am right an' I'm gwine ter git a bite! I wish I wuz free an' didn't have ter work (Shouts)! Butter, butter, come 'long butter.

Sings:

"Rise, shine, git along ter glory, glory!
Rise, shine, git along ter glory, glory!
Rise, shine, git along ter glory,
In de year ob Jubilee!

"Dat you, Miss Lou? I's a-comin'! Here's de butter. Him des come double quick dis time, him did. Wouldn't hab come but fo' little Miss Dollie, She ho'p ole Jeter, bress her heart! *Him's de bes' butter churner in all Faginny, her is."

* This confusion of pronouns is not nnusual.

De Future ob Yo' Pas'.

(A Private Sermon.)

In a North Carolina winter resort, down in a little underground hut lives a unique black character named Job. There was an old fashioned three-foot-deep open fire-place, bake ovens were on the hearth covered with hot ashes, strings of hops and red peppers were hanging about, there was no window and seemingly no air from the single door leading into the adjoining room above ground. Four steps led from one room to the other one. An old conjure woman, Aunt Easter, sat on a whiskey keg crooning to herself, rocking back and forth and smoking a pipe filled with noxious weeds. After repeated urging, old Uncle Job wiped his brow and putting his elbows on his knees, rested his head in his hands and began:

"Dis is what de angel tole me, to preach you a sermon an, tell yo' 'bout de debbilments goin' on in de worl' to-day. Dar ain't but two races now a-days; one ob 'em growin' worser an' one ob em growin' better. De good one am de white race an' de bad one am de niggers. In de good ole days, dey wuz always a prayin' dat de Lawd would sot em free an' now dey is free dey's wuss off den ebber. Dey tink religion am a playting, but I tell em religion ain't no play ting." (Aunt Easter: "No, no, it's hard wuk, dats what it is!") Uncle Job: "I tell em it's nothin' but lub, lub, lub. Nuffin' but lub kin reach fum de clouds, dig fru de earth, cut fru hard timber, git up to glory, clean up to Gawd's sun. Look at de carryin's on we hab on Sunday, nuffin' but shootin' all day long. In slave days de law made 'em 'have derselves on Sunday. A man couldn't shoot a man on Sunday, nothin' but a fox and a bear. But ef de rain wuz a-comin' an' gwine ter spile his crop, he could git in his fodder 'thout breakin' de Sabbath."

"I nebber goes near dese here churches caze dey don't do nuffin' but talk about de ole time prophets. Why don't dey up an' talk 'bout somethin' gwine long now? De nigger preachers is jes' de worst ob de lot, jes' a-leadin' der people jes' as fast as dey kin down ter hell. I know whar hell is; its somewhar twixt here an' heaben. It ain't down yonder. Who ebber heerd ob fire comin' out ob de earth? Nobody. De heat dat makes de plant grow come fum de sun. We know dat. Who ebber heerd ob lightnin' comin' out de groun'? Nobody. It comes fum above. It come down, strike a tree an' burn it clean up. In de slave days, der used ter be a war 'tween de good people an' de bad people. Some day dar ain't gwine be no more Republican and Democratic party; jes' a good party an' a bad party.

It's given up by everyone dese days dat de colored nation am de purties' and de smartes' people in de wor'l. But dey going to de bad so fas' dat dey ain't lettin' em vote no more. And its a heart hurtin' ting, but dey done bring it on derselves. I learned my A. B. C's. an' den I cussed 'em. De doctor tole my mudder it would rack my brain to stuff me wid sich nonsense, and sence dat Gawd has has taught me eberyting I know. I goes in de woods and listens quiet like and Gawd tells me wid his angels what to tell de people nex' day, You see how good I kin write? Gawd taught me how to write. You couldn't read it, but I kin. I jes' puts down all de tings I gwine talk to you 'bout. I sees de big letters at de head ob de line, and den I knows what de res' means. First I tells you 'bout de ways ob de people an' den I gwine tell yo' de principle ob men, eberyting 'bout de stars and de clouds, an' de planets an' de earth, an' de moon an' de sun. I gwine teach you all I know 'bout de rivers an' de fire, an' sin an' righteousness, an' eberyting 'bout de Lawd and de debbil, an' de niggers, an' eberyting dere has been an' eberyting dat gwine ter be. Ebery night de angels comes 'roun' to my bed an' tells me all de news. I been a-gitting up in de night an' writin' all I kin 'member ebber sence de udder day thirteen years ago, when my mudder died. De angel tole me last night I gwine hab a visit from a white lady who gwine ax me lots ob questions which is hard to answer, caze dey am udder people present. Dat mean *you*, Aunt Easter. Yo' keeps a-puttin' in an' puttin' in till yo' gits me all 'stracted."

Aunt Easter: "Hm! I gwine gib her sumpin' better dan all you tellin' her. I gwine gib her ma luck ball to conjure wid, one she can 'pen' on. I's done been wearin' it ober ma bare hide for fifty years. Ole Uncle Bob, what gib it to me wuz de best Dutch doctor in all North Carolina, and wid dat ball, I kin tell de lady's future an' de future ob her past! What it got in it? Dat sumpin' I can't tell you, but I knows it got a load stone in it, an' it kin talk an' it kin tell de nex' day wedder, an' all yo' ailments an' what's a-comin' ebery day. I kin tell what I puts in mine, honey. I puts a little piece ob steel an' some roots I pounds up an' sulphur an' seeds an' nine pinches of different herbs an' I spits in it nine times an' I puts in several feathers and wraps it in red flannel. I make you one jes' lak dat; get you lot ob money an' keeps de debbils' witches away fum you, fum drawin' away yo' money an' it won't cost you but one dollar."

How the Palms of Negroes' Hands Became White.

(Louisiana Variant.)

"Once on a time eberybody wuz black; yer gran' daddy Moses and Abraham and Noah was black caze dey nebber had a bath. Gawd say to hisself, I's a-gwin ter turn 'em into white folks and I'll send a pool ob water so all kin take a bath. Well, de libliest niggers got dar fust an' jumps in and splashes 'roun' till dey turn white and dats how all you white folks come about. I hate to say it, honey, but dem fust niggers wuz sho' black and dirty, an' dey muddied up de water sich a turrible lot, dat when de next batch ob niggers come erlong, de water wuz so cullud dey all turn into merlatters when dey jumps in, an' dats how all de merlattoes come in dis heah worl'.

"Cose eberybody wanted to take er bath, so dey kep' a-jumpin' in likerty split till dey'd all tuk der turn 'cept de lazy, triflin' niggers, what's no good fer nuffin', jest like we see now down on de levee—dey nebber git nowhar on time. Dey kep' a-foolin' 'roun' till de water was most use up an' dar wuzn't nuffin' lef' but a leetle pool a-runnin' 'long de groun,, an' when de las' lot seed it all gone, dey jumps in on all fours an' dabble 'roun' an' wet dey hands an' dey footses, an' dats how my han's come white inside, an' dats all I knows about it, honey."

Gawd Bless Dem Yankees, We Lub 'Em Sweet.

There was a black mammy who always sang religious music at her work, and one day she stopped the singing long enough to give the following delightful reminiscence:

"You wants me to sing dat ere song for you, honey? Dat was a powerful song, for sho. Didn't you know dat song was what made freedom break out? It was what bring on de war completely and entirely. People! Way back in Faginny, de masters use to tell de niggers what sung it in de 'prayer-houses' dat dey must shut up 'bout lubbin dem Yankees. He! He! Dey sho did hate 'em dem days.

"I 'members de trouble I seed myself, chile, ober dat bery spiritual. It was a moverin song, fo' Gawd it was! When Moss' John was a li'l' baby, ebery night I tell him tales 'bout de screech owl, how he came blin'; 'bout de tar baby and all dat; but he wouldn't nebber go to sleep nohow till I sung him dat song, 'Gawd bless dem Yankees, dey'll set me free!' I kin jes' see dat chile now a-laying on my ol' black arm. I was mighty fat dem days. We libed high 'm, 'm! Arter a while Moss' John growed up, and all de time he lubbed no song lak de ole one 'bout what I'm tellin' you. 'Bout dat time we all moved here to Kaintucky, an' he married Miss Tillie; den, ob cose, when li'l' Moss' John he come 'long, I was nachully he mammy. And it was sich a powerful song dat dat li'l' honey lamb done 'herited it right fum he daddy. Would you b'liebe it, chil'? He wasn't gwine to hear no udder tune but dat same, 'Gawd bless dem Yankees, we lub 'em sweet.'

"One night Miss Tillie was a-stirrin' up de punch, case de Gineral wuz layin' to drap in dat night, and she ups an' tole me to take li'l' moster way fum dat punch and put 'im to bed. And he wuz a-settin' up in ma lap a-cuttin' up 'Big Ike.' I think he wuz 'bout two years old, I dismember 'zackly, but a passel ob li'l' shoats wuz borned 'bout de same time he wuz, in de dark ob de moon, an' when dem shoats wuz 'bout two years old, moster got a hundred dollars a-piece fur 'em an' li'l' Moss John 'd be dat jealous an' mirate a lot whenebber I'd call one ob 'em ma li'l' baby. Oh, I forgits 'bout dat song. I wuz up stairs a-rockin' li'l' moster an' singin' 'Gawd bless dem Yankees, we lub 'em sweet,' when de door busted plum open an' if dar didn't walk in Moss John madder dan a hopper-grass, and he come ober to whar us wuz, an' he struck me on de shoulder, and he says sorter imperdent like, 'Mammy, don't you nebber sing dat song agin to ma child! Dat's a debblish song 'bout dem Yankees! I break ebery bone in yo' ole black body if you ebber tunes up dat agin!'

"I wuz dat mad! I jes' riz ma eyes up to de elements an' nearly drapped de baby on de flo' an' say, 'Look-a-heah, Moss John, who dat you been talkin' to nohow—humph? Yo' keep on yo' side ob de nussery an' I'll keep on mine. I done been in de nussery business long 'fo yo' bawn. Done rocked yo' to sleep long 'fo yo' bawn! If you done gone back on yo' baby song what I brings you up on, I swar I nebber sing it no mo'!' But, chile, he didn't trus' me, for so soon as dat do' wuz shet, ma baby chile he rise up an' say, 'Mammy, don't you mind what Pa says!' He holler out 'Sing Yankee! or I'll kick an' cry!' So I 'gun it agin sorter fierce like, 'Gawd bless dem Yankees; dey'll set me free!' Li'l' Moster wuz near gone dat time sho', when de do' busted open agin and in walks de Gineral-big man! He come up ter me lickerty split and he say, Mammy, yo' Moster sont me up to tell you, case he ain't a-feelin' well hisself, he don't want dat song sung nary time agin to his boy. We heard you singin' 'bout settin' de niggers free. Why, 'fo' we'd let dem Yankees sot our niggers free, we'd set ebery last one ob 'em free ourse'ves jes' to spite 'em! Dey's a war comin' on, Mammy, an' don't you nebber sing dat debblish song agin, for it 'll free all our niggers,' and fust news you know dey did go to fightin' sho nuff and dey did sot us free. Dat's all I know 'bout it, honey. It's jes' a millyair song. It's a mighty good marchin' tune an' dat song brung on de war. It done it ebery bit, it wuz so powerful. I kep' on singin' dat spiritual to li'l' Moster ebery night hand runnin', clar up to de time when freedom broke out, an' dat song wuz so full ob de power ob de sperit, dat it done turn li'l' Moster into a full blown Yankee! for de las' time I done hear' fum him he wuz up in Mass'chusetts a-runnin' fo' Gov'ner."*

NOTE—This story and the one entitled, "Uncle Jeter Churns the Butter," are only founded on fact. On page eight, where the Tennessee mammy reasons with God and says freedom needs chaining up, her exact words are not quoted. In the first essay, "Black Mammy-Creditor," Mam' Calline's talk is made up of the conversations of several different negroes, and the part about the dead cat and the two paragraphs following, while characteristic, are nevertheless purely fiction. Therefore, I am not content for these bits to stand as truth. The next generation may be more exact than we, and demand truth everywhere—not tolerating so-called history or any other kind of fiction.

*See Song No. 3.

A Group of Negro Sermons Heard at the North.

The following sermons I heard in Northern cities, and took down word for word, with the exception of the edifying one upon the "Tower of Babel," which was given me by New York friends, and there is a danger that I may not record it accurately from memory.

De Prodigal Son.

"My friends, to-day I's choose for my tex' de buful story ob de Prodigal Son. Fust and fo'most de Prodigal he had two sons."

Here he told in detail the story, very touchingly, though walking up and down the pulpit like a hyena. At the close of a long sermon he said: "'taint only de boys dat want to ak de Prodigal son and git married. Now look at my Mandy Jane, dar she is, a likely lookin' young lady, and de gen'man cou'tin her. But I say, 'Mandy Jane, caze your sister done married happy, 'taint no reason you gwine do de same. Better look out! Can't trus' dese black men dese days nchow!' And I tells her, 'Mandy Jane, yo' maw done gib you a good bed to sleep in, and plenty to wah, and my ole 'oman gib you plenty to eat, and you's well fixed now, chile, and I ain't gwine to let you ak no prodigal son and git married!'"

'Ligion Am a Tight Race.

"Bredderin and sistern,' ligion am a tight race, and it's a tighter pull to git to Hebben in New York dan in any odder town in de world. For my part, I's like all de rest ob de niggers in dis heah church; all ob us done los' our 'ligion since we hab come to lib up in de Norf. I 'members de time in dem ole days back in Richmond when us niggers was filled wid de Holy Spirit. We couldn't read a Lawd's 'ting dem days, but 'fo' Gawd we sho' did hab a rale 'ligion! I tell you dis am a fac', readin' and writin' ain't nebber gwine holp no nigger, black nor white, to git to Hebben; for in dem days I couldn't read a single letter and I was sho' happy and knowed my Jesus Christ all de time. Trouble is up here in New York, de people is too 'stracted! De cars and de big larnin' and de big preachers and wo'kin yo' mind all de time puts de Lawd and de Bible clean out ob yo' head. Folks had better be like dey was in dem days. Ebery nigger wasn't tryin' to git ahead ob de nex' nigger, and wasn't ruined entirely by dis college eddication. For you know all dese big men from Harvard and all de cemetaries is nebber gwine git to Hebben, caze dey is pullin' de Holy Word all to pieces! And sister, it's my opinion dat dar ain't one ob dem big, larned men what wouldn't rudder be back on his mammy's knee a-hearin' all dem ole Bible tales! Amen!"

De Tower ob Babel.

"Bredderin and sistern, I will take for my text whar dey say dey gwine to build a tower of Babel to reach up to Hebben. De people kep' a-buildin it till at last dey go up twenty-one mile high! Gawd A'mighty walked around Hebben and looked out ob one ob de windows and he spied what was gwine on, and he say, 'What dem people doin' dar! I gwine stop all dat foolishness, and I's gwine send 'fusion ob tongues.' Now some ob you, my po' congregation, may not know 'zactly de meanin' ob dat spacious word. I's here to-day, my bredderin, to exepute to you de meanin' ob dis word, de ''fusion ob tongues.' Arter a while de carpenters up on de top ob de tower gin out ob brick, so dey yelled down to de men below down on de yearth, 'Bring me some more brick,' and de workmen down on de yearth below listened wid all der might. Dey put dere han's to der years and dey fought he say, 'Bring me some more mortar!' So dey fotch up de mortar on a hod on der shoulder, and dey climb up twenty-one mile to de top ob de scaffoldin', and when dey got up dar, de carpenters was mad. Dey say, 'What you fotchin' up dat mortar heah for? We didn't need no mortar; we hollered for more brick.' So dey kep' on a-buildin' and a-buildin', and arter awhile dey got out ob mortar and yell down to de yearth agin, same as befo' and de people down dere listens wid all der might, and dey fought he said, 'Bring me some more brick.' And you masons and carpenters in dis congregation knows, ob cose, dey couldn't understand each other twenty-one mile apart! And dis is whar de 'fusion ob tongues come in at. Gawd A'mighty punish dem worse dan dat. He knock down de whole buildin'. Seben mile sunk in de ground," (all this he said in a very sepulchral tone) "seben mile toppled ober, my bredderin, and seben mile am a-standin' to dis bery day."

AFRICAN MUSIC IN AMERICA

—BY—

Jeannette Robinson Murphy

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The Survival of African Music in America.

Fifty years from now, when every vestige of slavery has disappeared, and even its existence has become a fading memory, America, and probably Europe, will suddenly awake to the sad fact that we have irrevocably lost a veritable mine of wealth, through our failure to appreciate and study from a musician's standpoint the beautiful African music, whose rich stores will then have gone forever from our grasp.

During my childhood my observations were centered upon a few very old negroes, whose mothers and fathers came directly from Africa, and upon many others whose grand parents were African born, and I early came to the conclusion, based upon negro authority, that the greater part of their music, their methods, their scale, their type of thought, their dancing, their patting of feet, their clapping of hands, their grimaces and pantomime, and their gross superstitions came straight from Africa.

Some of their later songs, it is true, we must technically call "modified African," but how far the original African song elements have been altered (and usually not for the better) by contact with American life is a question of fact, and can only be settled by a careful comparison of the songs as sung among the natives of Africa and the changed forms in which their modified ones are found today in the South. It must be determined in each case, and can not be settled by any general theory or formula.

This question of the classification of African music has given rise to more or less discussion. It seems hardly just to call the genuine negro songs "the folk songs of America." We are a conglomerate people, and no one race can claim a monopoly in this matter. The English, Scotch, French, German, Italians, and others have brought their own music and their own folk-lore, and in each case it must be considered as distinctly belonging to the nationality that imported it. Why should not the same be true of the genuine negro music? The stock is African, the ideas are African, the patting and dancing are all African, and those who study this weird music at short range have no difficulty in recalling the savage conditions that gave it birth.

Were I to begin now the study of all the intonations and tortuous quavers of this beautiful music, I fear I should be able to do little toward imitating it; for it was only possible to catch the spirit of it and the reason of it all while my voice had the flexibility of childhood, and the influences of slavery were still potent factors in the daily life of the negroes. I followed these old ex-slaves in their tasks, listened to their crooning in their cabins, in the fields and especially in their meeting houses, and again and again they assured me the tunes they sang came from Africa.

Possibly I have an unusual predilection for this imported African music, but to me some of the strange, weird, untamable, barbaric melodies have a rude beauty and a charm beside which, as Cowper says—

"Italian trills are tame."

It is indeed hard to account for the strange misconceptions which prevail as to what really constitutes genuine African music. The "coon songs" which are so generally sung are base imitations. The white man does not live who can write a genuine negro song. At home there used to be a rare old singer, an old "uncle," whom everybody loved. He once said: "Us ole heads use ter make 'em up on de spurn ob de moment, arter we wrassle wid de Sperit and come thoo. But the tunes was brung from Africa by our granddaddies. Dey was jis 'miliar songs. Dese days dey calls 'em ballots, but in de ole days dey call 'em sperituals, case de Holy Spirit done revealed 'em to 'em. Some say Moss Jesus taught 'em, and I's seed 'em start in meetin.' We'd all be at de 'Prayers House' de Lord's Day, and de preacher he'd splain de word and read whar Ezekial done say—

"'Dry bones gwine ter lib ergin.'

And, honey, de Lord would come a-shinin' thoo dem pages and revive dis ole nigger's heart, and I'd jump up dar and den and holler and shout and sing and pat, and dey would all cotch de words and I'd sing it to some ole shout song I'd heard 'em sing from Africa, and dey'd all take it up and keep at it, and keep a-addin' to it, and den it would be a speritual. Dese sperituals am de best moanin music in de worl', case dey is de whole Bible sung out and out. Notes is good enough for you people, but us likes a mixtery. Dese young heads ain't wuth killin', fur dey don't keer bout de Bible nor de ole hymns. Dey's completely spiled wid too much white blood in 'em, and de big organ and de eddication has done tuk all de Holy Sperit out en 'em, till dey ain't no better wid der dancin' and cuttin' up dan de white folks."

The negro usually sings religious music at his work. He is often turned out of church for crossing his feet or singing a "fiddle sing," which is a secular song, but he may steal all the chickens he wants and never fall from grace. One of the most persistent fancies that the old slaves cherished was that they were the oppressed Israelites, that the Southerners were the cruel Egyptians, and that Canaan was freedom. Bondage was of course their slavery. They believed that some day the Red Sea would come in a sea of blood, which was verified in the civil war. In many of their songs they appropriate Bible prophecies and ideas to themselves. "Done Found Dat New Hidin' Place," is a characteristic one, illustrating many peculiarities; and if it did not come from Africa, where did it come from?*

It is often asserted at the North that, as a rule, the negro was punished if he prayed or received religious instruction. On the contrary, many fine plantations had their "prayers houses," where a minister was employed to hold services and to instruct them in the Bible. In nearly every section they were permitted and encouraged to hold their own meetings. That this is true is attested by these same thousands of "spirituals," all of which are filled with Bible texts. Some of the most devout Christians were, and are yet, the old "mammies" and "uncles" who lived all the closer to the Heavenly Father because of their simplicity and lack of learning. The deeply religious and better class of old negroes maintain that the reason this music is so fascinating to both races is because it is God's own music inspired by the Holy Spirit. There is indeed a wonderful power in some of these songs, and the charm undoubtedly lies in the fact that they are founded on Bible texts.

No one questions the remarkable hold the genuine negro music has upon the Anglo-Saxon race, as is evidenced by the success of the jubilee singers years ago and of the Hampton students now. The negroes have simply used the weird African melodies as a fascinating vehicle for Bible truths.

*See Song No. 4.

Most students of English hymnology have observed a similar but isolated fact in their own religious poetry. One of the most powerful devotional hymns in the language —"How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord"— is largely indebted for its perpetuity to the fact that almost every line is taken directly from the Bible.

To illustrate the power of this music upon the colored people themselves, I may be permitted to give this little bit of personal experience :

A few nights ago I went to pay a visit to an old "mammy" from Tennessee. All her family stood around the room when they found I was from the South. Her eldest daughter said: "Bress de Lord! I's glad to see you! The Norf am no place for people what's been used to eberyting Why de niggers heah ain't got no manners lak whar I come fum. Why, dey'll jes meet you and pass de time ob day, and dey'll let you go away widout ebber stoppin' to ax yer ef yer's prepared to die, and how's your soul. Why, I nebber seed no stranger down home 'thout axin' 'em how's der soul comin' on? De niggers heah ain't got no Holy Sperit and dey is singing no 'count songs—dese white songs from books."

At this juncture I quietly began to sing: "I Don't Want to be Buried in de Storm." Suddenly they all began to sing and pat with me, and quickly adapted their different versions to mine. They lost no time in getting happy. They all jumped up and down in a perfect ecstasy of delight, and shouted: "I feel lak de Holy Sperit is right on my hade!"

Another one exclaimed: "People! dem songs makes de har rise up. Mine a-risin' now."

We all had a good time, and I felt greatly complimented when the head of the house exclaimed enthusiastically: "You does sho' sing 'em good; and for a *white* lady you is got a good deal ob de Holy Sperit in you, honey;" and before I left the house they had tried to convince me that God has surely blessed this music by taking a hand in forming it Himself.

We find many of the genuine negro melodies in the Jubilee and Hampton song books, but for the uninitiated student of the future there is little or no instruction given, and the white singer in attempting to learn them will make poor work at their mastery; for how is he, poor fellow, to know that it is bad form not to break every law of musical phrasing and notation? What is there to show him that he must make his voice exceedingly nasal and undulating; that around every prominent note he must place a variety of small notes, called "trimmings," and he must sing tones not found in our scale; that he must on no account leave one note until he has the next one well under control? He might be tempted, in the *ignorance* of his twentieth century education, to take breath whenever he came to the end of a line or verse! But this he should never do. By some mysterious power, to be learned only from the negro, he should carry over his breath from line to line and from verse to verse, even at the risk of bursting a blood vessel. He must often drop from a high note to a very low one; he must be very careful to divide many of his monosyllabic words into two syllables, placing a forcible accent on the last one, so that "dead" will be "da—*ade*," "back" becomes "ba—*ack*," "chain" becomes "cha—*ain*."*

He must also intersperse his singing with peculiar humming sounds—"m-m-m-m-m." He will have to learn that the negro never neglects his family relations in his songs, and seldom considers his "spiritual" finished until he has mentioned his mother and sister and brother, and his Preacher and Elder and Mourner.

A beautiful custom prevails among them of sending messages by the dying to friends gone before into heaven. When a woman dies some friend or relative will kneel down and sing to the soul as it takes its flight. One of the songs contains endless verses, conveying remembrances to relatives in glory. With omissions it is used upon other occasions with fine effect.

Black Amy, who sang this, was a nurse in our family. She, like most negroes, had no idea how old she really was. She never worried, though the heavens should fall, and this ignorance as to when their birthdays roll round may account for their longer lives here and in Africa, and for their not showing their age. She, like us of the Caucasian race, found great difficulty in arranging her religion to suit her morals, and once, in my childish innocence, I remonstrated with her for getting baptized so many times, and she exclaimed indignantly: "I's a Mefodis' wid de Babtis' faith. I gits babtized ebery summer when de water am *rale warm*, and I gits turned out ebery winter fur dancin' and stealin', and you would too, child, ef you was a nigger."

A few days ago I asked one of the most scholarly and noted ministers of the colored race, who was visiting in New York, about the negro music. He is very black, and his parents were pure Africans. He said that undoubtedly the tunes came directly from Africa, that his father said he had sung them at home in Africa, and that the tunes were almost supernatural in their hold upon his people. He continued: "Upon condition that you will never tell my name, I'll give you an incident which will prove to you that many of our race are still under the influences of voodooism, and that although I am, as you see, a professed Christian, all the African practices hold a powerful charm for me which I can't shake off." Knowing well his reputation and position, I was startled. He went on and said: "And this may serve you sometime, as it is a true story of my own weakness. Once the bishop ordered me to the city of———, where I was to have charge of a run-down church. The first prayer-meeting night the members locked me out, and came with shotguns to the church steps and said they were tired of ministers, that they had had four, and would not have a fifth minister. By dint of eloquence and superior education I obtained their consent to enter the church. Well, I tried faithfully to attract them. I never had more than a handful, and for six months all seemed dead set against me. I could not draw. Completely discouraged, I was in my study praying when the door opened and a little conjure man came in and said softly: 'You don't understand de people. You must get you a hand as a friend to draw 'em. Ef you will let me fix you a luck charm you'll git 'em.' In my desperation, I told him to fix it. He brought the charm back in a few days, and said: 'Now, you must feed it wid alcohol, whiskey or spirits, and never let it git dry, and always wear it nex' your heart when you enters or leaves de church.'

"It was only an ugly piece of red flannel, and I hate to confess it, but I obeyed his instructions. I always felt for it before I went down on my knees to pray. The next Sunday the church was full of people. The following Sabbath there was not standing room. For four years the aisles were crowded every Sunday. I knew it was not the gospel's power, but that wretched 'luck ball.' When the bishop sent me to another church he wrote and said: 'When you came they tried to drive you away with shotguns; here, now, twenty men write me begging to have you stay. Now you draw beyond any minister in the city! How is this?' I was ashamed to tell him. I opened the charm, and found these things in it: It was a large piece of red flannel, with a horseshoe magnet fastened flat to it. In the center of the space in the magnet was a bright silver dime.

*See Song No. 5.

On one side were sewed two needles, on the other side of the money one needle. Below it were two more needles. The whole was covered with what looked and tasted like gunpowder. I tore it up and threw it away, and have never been able to draw an audience since. You want one? Well, I'll try to get one for you."

"Indeed I want one! What lecturer would not?"

This is but one instance among many of the peculiar persistency of African ideas even in enlightened, civilized, Christian minds.

There is a negro woman in a side street in a Northern town whose experience is typical and interesting. She was the most prominent member in the Baptist colored church, and the leading singer. Another singer got jealous of her power to holler the loudest; besides, wanted to get her washing as well as her husband away from her and, worst of all, *conjured* her. At last the first singer fell sick, and the doctor could do nothing to relieve her. A conjure woman called, and for twenty-five dollars undertook the case. She came in and moaned a few incantations in an unknown tongue. She carried a satchel, and took from it a glass, poured some gin into it and drank a little, and then setting fire to the remaining spirits and holding her hand over it, said:

"Mrs. R———, look inside yourself and tell me what you see."

The sick negress was hypnotized, I suppose, and said: "I see pizen, and snakes a-crawlin'."

"That's right! It's the lady across the way has put the spell on you, and she has cut your shape out in red flannel and stuck it full of pins and needles and biled it. She's trickin' you, and killin' you. But I'll throw it back on her—scatter your spell to the four winds. She has killed a snake and taken the blood and mixed it with wine, and in twenty-four hours it turned into snakes and you drank it and you were going crazy, and your home would have been gone." It is needless to say the sick woman recovered.

This voodoo doctor showed the caul with which she was born tied up in a bundle in her pocket. The neighbors were always trying to touch the lump so *they* could put spells on people and be healed from diseases. This conjure woman also makes luck balls for sale. She tells her customers they must always wear them next their skin on the right side, and keep them wet with "feedin' medicine."

I was so fortunate as to discover the contents of one of her balls. Corn, twine, pepper, a piece of hair from under a black cat's foot, a piece of rabbit's right foot, and whisky, all put into a red flannel bag. This was all inclosed in a "buckeye biscuit." She puts loadstones in some of them to draw away a lover from a girl. She also takes roots of several different herbs and flowers and makes them into love powders, and gives them to a colored girl to throw upon her truant lover to bring him back to her waiting heart.

It is not to be disputed that Africa has touched in many ways and in divers places the highest civilization of the Old World. I am fully persuaded that in the near future scientific researches will discover among native African tribes traditions which disclose the real parentage of many of the weird stories concerning the Creation and the Flood which are now current among their descendants in this country. The same may be said of "Brer Rabbit" and the "Tar Baby," "Brer Fox," "Brer Dog," "Brer Wolf," and all that other wonderful fraternization with animal nature which simple savage life and unbridled childish imagination suggest. In many instances they will be found absolutely identical with those that are now told in the wilds of Africa.

To show the existence of this belief among the negroes themselves, I will quote from an old negress, whom I know well, named, "Aunt Lucinda," giving here but a fragment of the story:

"Dis am a ole tale. Hit done come down sence de Flood. Why, chile, de Bible didn't git eberything by a good deal—cose it didn't! Us niggers done tole dis in Africky, and Moss John done say de Bible say ef it got all de words Jesus Christ say, hit couldn't hold 'em. And dere's lots ob tales de Bible didn't git. Dis one now am 'bout de hammer and de ark:

"One night Gawd done tole Moss Nora to build him a ark, case de people fo' de Flood was a singin' and a cuttin' up and a givin' entertainments, and Gawd wanted to raise up a better people to sarve him, and so Moss Nora had to build de ark tight, so de few people wouldn't drown. Gawd tole him to take a he and a she ob ebery kind and fix de jistes tight so de ark wouldn't leak water when de Flood came. De people sat around on fo' long benches a-pokin' fun at him, and dey say, 'Moss Nora, what you doin'?'

"He say, 'I's a-hammerin' de jistes tight.'

"And de people say, 'What dat you doin'?'

"And Moss Nora say, 'I got dis ark to build, and I gwine to build it.'

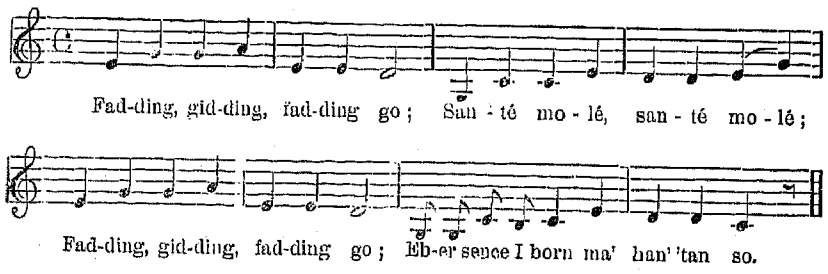
"And de people kep' a-pokin' fun. Dey say, 'Moss Nora, what dat hammer say, humph?'

"And de people laugh and say it soun' like it say nuffin but, 'Tim—tam! tim—tam!'

"And Moss Nora say, 'Dot's whar you fotch up wrong. I got ter build dis ark so tight de water won't leak thoo, and de people won't fall out, and dat hammer don't say 'Tim—tam' no sich ting. Hit say ebery time I hits de jistes, 'Repent! Repent!'

"Dere's a spiritual what goes long wid it too, honey, 'bout de hammer and de nails, but I don't know it. Hit's a ole, ole story dat we been singin' sence de Flood—jes' come down fum mouf to mouf. 'Hist de Window' is a ole tune, but not ole like dis one. Hit done come jis lak I tole you."

In regard to one song, at least, I have irrefragable proof of its African origin. Mrs. Jefferson Davis tells me her old nurse was a full-blooded African named Aunt Dinah. She would lovingly put her charge to sleep with this doggerel:



Aunt Dinah would sing it pleadingly when begging for a present. She would begin the supplication with hands clenched tight, and open them quickly at the last line. She declared that she always sang it in this exact manner in her old African home whenever she was asking a favor, but she was never able to tell the meaning of any part of it except the last line, the African of which she had forgotton, but which meant that all black races are born with wide-open palms ready and waiting for other people to pour rich gifts into them. This she translated in her apt, crude way: "Ebber sence I born, my hand stand so!"

She had a relative named Moses, I think, who had three deep gashes radiating from each eye. Of these he was very proud, as he said they indicated that he was of the king's blood.

After a diligent search for a real live African, I have found an educated convert to Christianity, who has been absent only two years from the wilds of the west coast of

Africa. In broken English he sang for me several songs sung by the savages of the native Mendi tribe. The tunes sounded much like songs I know, but I could not take them down during the interview. All the songs I sang he said seemed very familiar—in certain portions especially so.

I was deeply interested in the descriptions he gave of a peculiar ceremony common among the wildest Bushmen and the Yolloff tribe. My informant grew up and played with them a great deal when a child. He says the death of a young boy they consider an affront to the living—an affront which they never forgive. It is singular that among some of our Indian tribes a similar notion prevails. The friends meet around the corpse and exclaim, while they chant and sing and dance, in a high-pitched voice: "Why did you die? Were you too proud to stay with us? You thought yourself too good to stay with us. To whom do you leave all your things? We don't want them! Take them with you if you are so stuck up; we'll bury them with you!"

They work themselves into a perfect fury, and one gets a whip and beats the corpse until it is horribly mutilated. Then the few who have really been friends to the child in their crude way draw near and begin to sing:

"Anasa yi.
Anasa papa,"

which this native African assured me meant, as nearly as he could translate it—

"Find out how mother is.
Find out how papa is."

The curious indentity of the name for father in this African dialect and our own he could not explain.

Even while the relatives were thus speaking kindly to the departed child, others would come up with whips, and with blows spitefully exclaim: "Tell my father's sister I am happy. Speak to her for me." This they said, mocking the relatives for sending messages.

What better proof is required of the origin of the peculiar custom of the negroes in our own Southland of sending communications by the dead?

He also gave me new stories of Brother Couch, and a tale of a rabbit and a pitch-man.

He says he has heard a savage tribe often sing to the beat of a peculiar drum, as they started to pillage and destroy a neighboring tribe, these words, which he could not translate:

"Zo, whine, whine,
Zo, bottom balleh.
Zo, whine, whine,
Zo, bottom balleh."

Some of the tribes are followers of Mohammed. After they have broken their fast, they sing this hymn to their God:

"Li li, e li li,
Moo moo dooroo, soo moo li."

I then sang for him a part of "Gawd Bless Dem Yankees, Dey'll Set Me Free," and when I came to the humming, which we all know is a striking peculiarity of the negro singing, he stopped me and said: "Whenever you hum that way it means 'Hush!' and among the tribes I have known, it always comes in baby songs." He then sang this one, which a heathen woman used to sing to his little sister "Amber:"

"Amber in a wa,
Keen yah feenyah ma,
Amber in a bomboo carri,
Amber eeka walloo
Um, um, um."

A rough translation of this means: "Amber, be quiet, and I'll give you something. I'm not going to flog you. You are quiet, so I thank you. Hush, hush, hush!"

The True Negro Music and its Decline.

(Mrs. Murphy is, of course, a Southerner. She has therefore been familiar with the negro from childhood. During the past few years she has earned an enviable reputation as a portrayer of negro music and character before Northern audiences, and those of us who have heard her lecture and sing, would not hesitate to accord her the very foremost rank of folk-lorists.—Editor Independent.)

Some day we who are so fortunate as to have been rocked to sleep on the broad, tender bosoms of old black mammies will be the envy of our great-grandchildren. There is a danger that they will clamor in vain for truthful representation of those old days when loving black tyrants ruled and reigned over their broods of white nurslings, and claimed, with the mothers, the hearts and fealty of their confiding charges. These trusty old retainers, but a few years ago so universally known and loved throughout our great Southland, are rapidly being replaced by a far less worthy class, and, with them, their faint customs are fast disappearing and their soul-stirring songs becoming obsolete. It would seem that we of this generation owe it to posterity to see that the genuine African music be handed down in all its purity.

Many people in America to-day, not discerning the wealth and beauty of the true negro songs, not only tolerate the manufactured "coon songs," but fail to recognize their spurious quality, and permit these attempted imitations with which the country is flooded to pass unchallenged as the true article. Even poets of the colored race are adding to this great wrong, and are creating a false, flippant new song to be put into the mouths of a guiltless people.

There are writers whose vaporings attract attention, and who think nothing of composing so-called negro songs and passing them off on a credulous public, confident that their careless readers cannot tell the counterfeit from the genuine music.

The only plan which will effectively preserve the old slave music in all its beauty, its power, its quaint and irresistible swing, will be for the negroes themselves, by the aid of skilled annotists, by phonographs and by every art available, to awaken to the real value of this wonderful music. They alone can work in every corner of the unique and varied field, creating a new interest among their race alike in their camp meeting "spirituals," the crooning lullabies of the nursery and the roustabout songs of the river.

The sporadic efforts of a few far seeing negroes will avail little. The negro preachers over the entire South should be encouraged to lead in this grand work. Our judicious praise of their "spirituals" might do much to prolong their life, but without united effort on our part looking to that end, and an increased interest and desire on theirs to sing these songs, they must surely die. Their songs, which need no instrumental aid of any kind, are even now, in our iconoclastic cities, being supplanted by hymns from regular English hymn books, to the accompaniment of an organ—an innovation to be deplored, since this new

singing is not to be compared in heart power to their own spontaneous outpourings.

There never yet has been a song which could touch the heart more in evangelistic meetings than their beautiful "Prodigal Son," with its winding, appealing measures and soul-satisfying, plaintive words, words, which tell out the whole beautiful Bible story. In this song alone there are sometimes rendered fully one hundred different verses, all used, it would seem, according to the mood and the inspiration of the leading singer.

This "spiritual," like all of their others, is sung differently in every locality, and furthermore, no negro ever sings the same song twice in just the same way.

This version of "The Prodigal Son," is the one generally used at Georgia camp meetings.

All of their hymns lose immeasurably by being taken out of their original settings in the churches and sung as solos, and yet in this form they produce a miraculous effect upon the emotions of both the learned and the ignorant.

There is a weird, savage "shout," where the same line is repeated four times, as is evidenced in the song, "Ole Ship O'Zion."

The chief beauty in this seems to lie in getting off the key in each verse. The congregation, as a body, is incapable after the leader sings alone the first verse, of getting a secure hold of the difficult diminished seventh occurring in the note used to the first syllable of the word "Zion" in the first line, so the leading singers hit any note that comes easiest, and the great chorus of worshippers gloriously join in with them, singing the remainder of the tune in a higher or lower key, generally a higher.

This song has no refrain, which is a rarity, for most of their "spirituals" have very stirring and plaintive refrains.

In the fascinating "Sinners, Yer Walkin' on er Slender Stran'," the words and melody are used for the body of the song and also for the refrain, the words to the first verse being repeated for the latter.

The old aunties say these songs are so "filled wid de Holy Sperit" that they forget they are working if they just keep singing all the time. No Southerner ever doubts the truth of this statement.

It is quite the fashion among learned Northern men to call this imported African music "the only folk music of America." Why should we not with equal justice call the transplanted Scotch, Irish and the music of other races our American music?

These melodies certainly were brought by the negroes from the Dark Continent along with the customs and traditions and sickening voodooism which are surviving here to-day.

To the majority of people the mention of a negro song brings up instantly visions of "I Want Yer, Ma Honey," or "Alabama Coon," or even the lovely "Suwannee River" and "Old Kentucky Home"—all written by white people who are not so constructed mentally as to be able to write a genuine negro song. Some of these imitations are indeed fetching, but it is to be hoped that none of the "coon songs" will survive to work further havoc with the truth.

In questioning great numbers of ex-slaves I have yet to find one who does not implicitly believe that God himself inspired the words of all their religious hymns. If by any miracle the Bible were lost to us to-day we could look to these unappreciated negro "spirituals" for fully one-fifth of its contents. The memory and knowledge of the Bible among the negroes of the old school are simply miraculous.

The negro by some mysterious power does not take a breath at the end of a line or verse, but carries over his breath from line to line and from verse to verse at the imminent risk of bursting a blood vessel. He holds on to one note till he has a firm hold of the next one, and then besides he turns every monosyllabic word into two syllables and places the accent where it does not belong, on the last half of the word. An instance is given where the voice swings downward a whole octave on the word "yes," in the baptizing song, "Ready fo' de Water."

With great ecstasy they throw their whole souls and bodies into the singing of each hymn, and seem carried away for the time being by the potent spell which each song casts over one and all.

A marked peculiarity of the negro singing is that very often in the heat of their religious fervor they will repeat again and again the same verses.

In studying this music one finds that each verse is usually composed of one statement, frequently a crude attempt at a Bible quotation, repeated three times. Occasionally, however, the same line is repeated but twice at the beginning and again as a last line to each stanza. An instance of this exception occurs in the hymn, "I Don't Want er be Buried in de Storm."

Since this hymn is not infrequently employed by servants while washing windows, an interested listener has a fine opportunity to catch every syllable and typical quirk, for we all know that the negro servant, if left alone to "sing and git happy," will occupy an hour or more in the cleaning of a single window.

It is often stated that there is a continuous note of sadness running through all the negro music, and that the songs are usually in minor keys. I should say, on the contrary, that the majority of them are in the major keys, and that there is a ring of jollity, wild abandon and universal happiness in most of them. There are doleful passages occurring occasionally, and some sad minor songs, but even in these there is pretty apt to be a change into the major key before the hymn is finished.

Many Northern people think that if they say "Lordy Massa," letting the voice rise at the end, they have made great strides in mastering the negro dialect. There cannot be found many examples of the employment of this rising inflection either in speech or in song. This seems to be characteristic of the Irish race, while, on the contrary, we find the old aunties and uncles repeatedly dropping the voice even two octaves. An example of this is given in that most fascinating of all their lullabies, a christmas song—"Mary, What Yer Gwine er Name Dat Purty Leetle Baby?"

The old mammy did not quite understand the meaning of that verse in Isaiah (9, 6) where he says: "And the government shall be upon his shoulder." So she reasons it out that some one is riding the baby Jesus on her shoulders and "calling Him dare Governor." It is a pretty conceit, the way she carries out the whole touching picture.

We can easily imagine inquisitive shepherds and adoring wise men asking the Virgin Mary what she intends to name her precious little baby. We can see her hesitate, since she has been told he was to be called "Jesus," Son of God" and also "Son of the highest." So the mammy thinks, with all these prophecies concerning the naming of the baby, it must finally be left with the Blessed Mary to decide. The negroes will sing a great many answers to this most natural question, giving the innumerable names by which the Son of God was called until the satisfactory name is reached, which distinguishes Christianity from all other religions.

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gin to sing a new song; none of those present may ever have heard this song, and yet in a few moments they are all singing and patting it like mad, and the most singular, inexplicable thing about it is that each member of the congregation seems to know almost to a man, as quickly as the singer himself, exactly what words he is going to sing. No "lining out" is ever practiced in their singing; only with the "hymn book hymns" is this quaint custom followed. They surely must have some occult telepathy among them, for they never make mistakes –viz., some singing one verse and some another.

The old slave loved best the miraculous points and dramatic passages in the Bible, and if the negro could be trained along his natural lines, and his race blood kept perfectly pure, there would come some day from this people one of the greatest orators, one of the greatest actors, one of the greatest romance writers, and surely the very greatest musician who ever lived.

But side by side with the too highly civilized white race the negro must in time have eliminated from him all his God-given best instincts and so fail utterly. For are they not already ashamed in our large cities of their old African music? They should be taught that slavery, with its occasional abuses, was simply a valuable training in their evolution from savagery, and not look upon their bondage and their slave music with shame. For during that period these songs could develop *because* the negro was kept in such perfect segregation, and his instincts and talents had full play. He received *then* those things which he needed *most*—viz., work for his hands and God's revealed Word for his heart and mind.

A Patient Negro Vocal Teacher.

One can never tell what a negro will say under any conditions. Study his character a lifetime and be sure you could write a book of his characteristic speeches, and still you would never be able to present the true negro, as he presents himself in his unique irregularity, his impulsive sermons, sayings, philosophy and song.

A short time ago I went to see a servant named Bet, thinking I would write a little story about negro dreams. I had already written what I knew to a certainty Bet would answer when I asked her if she believed in dreams. I was sure at least that the reply which I had put into her mouth was characteristic.

To my surprise—(they are ever full of surprises)—in answer to my question, "Bet, do you believe dreams come true?" she said "Cose I does, honey! Done seed 'em—seed one come true dis mawnin!"

"Paw he woked up sorter mad like, and at de breakfast table he say, 'Maw, I had a bad dream las' night. I done dreampt I took a cow hide and jes' wo'e Bet out, and her hadn't done a Lawd's 'ting!' People! He ain' no sooner swaller dat bacon and hom'ny, chile, dan he jes' lit out to de cow lot, and fotch dat big ole cowhide and jes' wo' me out! He say he gotter carry out de sign, and he jes' naterly whup me good, jes' to make dat dream come true! Humph! Cose dey come true! I's seed em come true! He! He!"

I therefore urgently make this point, that no one can present the negro quite so well as he can himself in his own unconscious portrayal. For the sake of the interest of posterity in the old time negro, it is a pity that any characteristic bit of wisdom and humor that falls from his lips, should ever be lost.

There are so many writers, who, alas! never having lived South, attempt to write negro stories, many of which pass for the genuine article. Our country is therefore flooded with imitation negro folk-lore, and much harm has been done to the negro race. For our children's sake, let us present only the truth.

Ever since my babyhood the weird, emotional, religious music and peculiarities of the ex-slaves have appealed to me with a strange, all-compelling fascination. Their baptisms, foot washings, dancing and folk-lore have always had for me an absorbing interest. Their untiring delight in the very sound of their own voices, their perfect abandon and utter self-unconsciousness as they sang, their almost frenzied worship at their rude churches, were to me like an enchanted world. These real children of nature, so free from earth's cares, though slavery days were past, were yet unspoiled by the license of freedom.

Though a little child's voice is imitative, yet the most difficult tasks I ever performed were in following the indulgent negroes about all day long, singing over and over again after them, hundreds of times, the same old loved "Spirituals", till I had mastered every intonation and gymnastic quaver.

These people were ever gentle and docile, never in a hurry—never too busy to stop work and sing or talk for a child—and they are still possessed of these traits to a marked degree. I gave them, it is true, the impetus and inspiration of a rapt and imitative listener.

There was a nurse, Black Amy, whose life I pestered continually by insisting on her singing to me everything she knew. Like all negroes, she sang lustily while at work. Her voice was so powerful that even the words of her songs could be distinguished at a great distance.

The babies in our family, who were her special charges, were delightful to live with, for I remember as she always put them to sleep screaming at the top of her voice, we did not have to walk softly or keep quiet while they slept. Cannon would not have disturbed them. I would bribe her to sing for me till she was exhausted, the torturous quavers of "Little David," "See Heah Ma Sistah," and countless other entrancing "Spirituals."

Can I ever forget her infinite patience in teaching me the wild strains of those peculiar, barbaric chants? No other vocal teacher has ever been so painstaking as she was when teaching me the negro method—for it is indeed a method—one beside which, in its difficulty, its intricacy and its charm, that of the old Italian masters seems tame. It required years of study before I could sing correctly those beautiful lullabies, which are so tenderly soothing to all babies, because, so charmingly monotonous: "I done done," "Ain't dat Humble?" and the stirring martial song, "Gawd's leetle Army."

"Black Amy" used to have a beau who courted her for years. I can testify to that, for whenever she would go to the corner pump for water, Jim would ride me while I sat astride the old iron pump handle—sometimes it would take an hour to get that bucket full of water.

But with all these fine opportunities, he would not come to the point, and Amy confided to me that she was going to get her "trusser" all made, so the minute he "popped",

she'd be ready. She spent her entire year's wages on a most elaborate "trusser." I recall many white underskirts, elaborately trimmed with the big wheel embroidery.

If the wasted love energy of women over trifling men could only be harnessed and put to use as a new force to serve humanity, what a happy discovery it would be. My poor vocal teacher danced out all her "trusser," even to the wedding dress.

Not long ago I was visiting in the town where she is cooking. She came to see me at once. She was fat and jolly as of old, and so hearty her very health seemed contagious, and the first thing she said was, "Why, Miss Jeannette, let me tell yer de bestes joke on me, myse'f: yestiddy de Norven lady I's cookin' fer come home fum church an' she say, 'Amy, dare wuz er lady fum New York sung at church today, has got er strong voice, an' you mus' hear her, an' hits er pity yer couldn't take some lessons fum er lady lak dat.' An' I say, 'What her name?' An' she say, 'Her name Mrs. Jeannette Murphy,' an' I 'bout drap de tukkey outer de dish, an' I say, 'Dat lady! Humph! I done riz her up! Who? Me? Take lessons fum her? Humph! I done taught her ebery Lawd's 'ting she know 'bout singin'. Dat's de reason she sing lak she do.' An' I say, 'Now, wouldn't dat be er fine joke, arter I done teached her all she know 'bout singin', fer me ter turn loose an' take lessons fum her!' "

I begged her then and there to give me one more lesson, which she did, patiently, once more, not limiting the time to thirty minutes, as my other vocal teachers have done and do, or charging me five dollars the half hour either.

No, indeed, colored people are heartily generous, and time is of no account to them. She went over and over again the old hymns and gave me special coaching in the rhythm and accent of the catchy "Hist de window, Norah," and that awful soul disturbing one so like the "Dies Irae," which she calls "Stars in de Elements."

She reminded me that these two in particular must be sung "wid de power ob de sperit, lak you see me do it."

She was loth to sing the weird chant, "See Heah ma Sistah" for a stranger who was present, explaining her hesitancy by saying, "Nobody kin heah dat shout without gittin' happy, dis lady heah couldn't stan' it."

Then when I proudly sang for her six songs which were entirely new to her, viz: "Calm de Ocean," "Ole Ark a Moverin," "Better Walk Steady," "De Holy Number," "Christ Built a Church in de Middle ob de Sea," and "Calvary," a Lenten song, her interest and gratitude knew no bounds. She said she had never heard them but she hummed them with me. Then seeing I was utterly exhausted from such a long continued overdose of "gittin' happy" she tenderly offered to rest my head and hands as of yore, and as she rubbed, she nodded and slept, just as she used to do when rocking the babies or washing dishes, yet the gentle, soothing massage kept up with no interruption from the dozing—just as the rocking and the dishwashing knew no interruption when I used to watch her in my childhood days.

Blessed Black Amy and all like you, unspoiled by misplaced, long distance philanthropy; someday, perhaps, we Southern sincere admirers can repay the devotion and loving ministrations of your faithful, gifted race, to whom we are all (including your grateful pupil) so richly and everlastingly indebted.

Slave "Spirituals."

Who's Gwine Nuss De Baby.

Allegro.

1. Who's gwine nuss de ba - by? Who's gwine nuss de ba - by?

humming.

Who's gwine nuss de babe, 'm— Je - sus nuss 'im in er my arms.

REFRAIN. *With a swinging movement.*

Roll 'im an er roll 'im ba - by, Roll 'im an er roll 'im ba - by,

Roll 'im an er roll 'im babe, 'm Je - sus roll 'im in er my arms.

2 Who's gwine walk de baby? Who's gwine walk de baby?
Who's gwine walk de babe, 'm—Jesus walk 'im in er my arms.—REF.

3 Who's gwine tote de baby? Who's gwine tote de baby?
Who's gwine tote de babe, 'm—Jesus tote 'im in er my arms.—REF.

4 Who's gwine rock de baby? Who's gwine rock de baby?
Who's gwine rock de babe, 'm—Jesus rock 'im in er my arms.—REF.

5 Who's gwine dress de baby? Who's gwine dress de baby?
Who's gwine dress de babe, 'm—Jesus dress 'im in er my arms.—REF.

6 Who's gwine feed de baby? Who's gwine feed de baby?
Who's gwine feed de babe, 'm—Jesus feed 'im in er my arms.—REF.

7 Who's gwine lub de baby? Who's gwine lub de baby?
Who's gwine lub de babe, 'm—Jesus lub 'im in er my arms.—REF.

8 Who's gwine kiss de baby? Who's gwine kiss de baby?
Who's gwine kiss de babe, 'm—Jesus kiss 'im in er my arms.—REF.

9 Who's gwine trot de baby? Who's gwine trot de baby?
Who's gwine trot de babe, 'm—Jesus trot 'im in er my arms.—REF.

10 Who's gwine *whup de baby? Who's gwine whup de baby?
Who's gwine whup de babe, 'm—Jesus whup 'im in er my arms.—REF.

* Whip.

Dere's a Balm In Gilead.

1. How lost was my con - di - tion, Je - sus made me whole,
REF.—Dere's a balm in Gil - ead Make de wounded whole,

D.C.

Taint but de one Phys - i - cian Cure de sin - sick soul.
Pow'r e-nough in Je - sus Cure de sin - sick soul.

2 Paul plagued with fever,
Madness all combined,
Parted ebbery Cæsar,
Rages most within.—REF.

Gawd Bless Dem Yankees, We Lub 'em Sweet.

Gawd bless dem Yankees, we lub 'em sweet! 'Most done toil - in' heah!

Lee-tle chil-er-den 'm.... 'm..... 'Most done toil - in' heah!

Gawd bless dem Yankees, dey'll set me free! 'Most done toil-in' heah!

rit.

Leetle chiler-den, 'm... 'm ... 'Most done ... toil - in'..... heah!

Done Found Dat New Hidin' Place.

1. Who dat.... yon - der dres-sed in white?.... Must be de
2. Who dat.... yon - der dres-sed in black?.... Must be de
3. Jes on - ly could see leetle ba - by to - day—..... An - gel done
4. When I was down in E - gypt's land, ... Heard a mighty

portamento.

chil-lun ob de Is - rael - ite..... Done found dat new hid - in' place!
nig - gers a-turn - in' back! .. Done found dat new hid - in' place!
drug her thoo de twelve pearly gates!.. Done found dat new hid - in' place!
talkin' 'bout de promised land—.. Done found dat new hid - in' place!

Who dat ... yon - der dres-sed in red?..... Must be de
God don't .. talk like a nater - al man— ... Talk so a
Pur - ti - est ting what ebber I done..... Was to
And when we get on Ca - naan's shore ..... We'll

chil-lun dat a Mos - es led! .... Done found dat new hid - in' place!
sinner can a - un - der - stand— Done found dat new hid - in' place!
git religion when I was young— Done found dat new hid - in' place!
shout and sing for-eb - ber more— Done found dat new hid - in' place!

REFRAIN.

Come a - long— Done found dat new hid - in' place!

portamento.

Ise so gla - ad 'm Done found dat new hid - in' place!

Walk Up Jerusalem, Jes' Lak Job.

♩ = 84 *accel.*

1. Ma - ry and Marthy had a cha - *ain*— Walk Jerus'lem jis like Job! An' a
2. I tell you, bredderin fur a f.c'— Walk Jerus'lem jis like Job! If you
3. Some says Peter and some says Paul— Walk Jerus'lem jis like Job! But dey

eb' - ry link was a Je - sus Na-*ame*! Walk Jeru - s'lem jis like Job!
ebber leabs de debbil you musn't turn back! Walk Jeru - s'lem jis like Job!
ain't but one God saves us all— Walk Jeru - s'lem jis like Job!

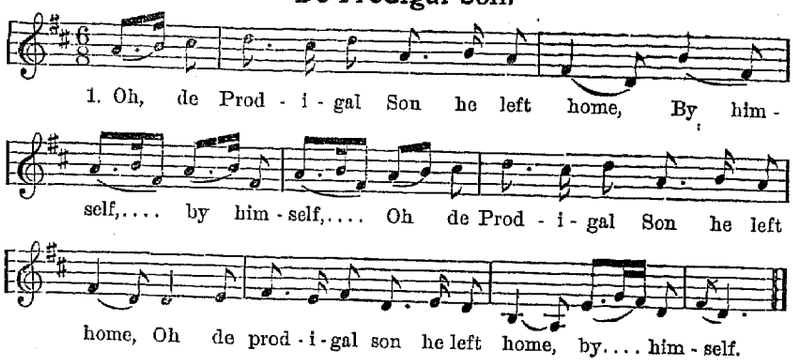
REFRAIN.

When I comes ter die..... I want ter be.....read - y; When

accel.

I comes ter die,..... Gwine ter walk Jeru - s'lem jis like Job!

De Prodigal Son.



2 Fadder, gib me ma portion ob goods, by myself, by myself,
Fadder, gib me ma portion ob ma goods,
Fadder gib me ma portion ob goods, by myself.

3 And I'll go into de country, by myself, by myself,
And I'll go into de country,
And I'll go into de country, by myself.

4 An' he wasted all he libben, by himself, by himself,
An' he wasted all he libben,
An' he wasted all he libben, by himself.

5 An' de Prodigal Son he got hungry, by himself, by himself,
An' de Prodigal Son he got hungry,
An' de Prodigal Son he got hungry, by himself.

6 An' de Prodigal Son returned, by himself, by himself,
An' de Prodigal Son returned,
An' de Prodigal Son returned, by himself.

7 Wid no shoes upon his feet, by himself, by himself,
Wid no coat upon his back,
Wid no hat upon his head, by himself.

8 An' de Prodigal Son made merry, by himself, by himself,
An' de Prodigal Son made merry,
An' de Prodigal Son made merry, by himself.

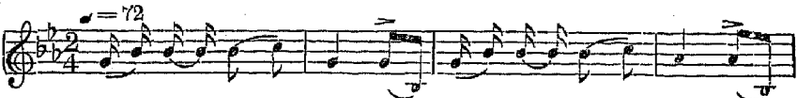
9 Wid de shoes upon his feet, by himself, by himself,
An' dey put de rings on his fingers,
An' dey killed de fatted calf, by himself.

10 An' dey crucified my Jesus, by himself, by himself,
An' dey crucified my Jesus,
An' dey crucified my Jesus, by himself.

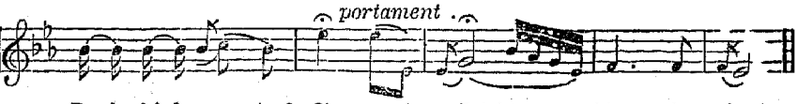
*11 An' de Prodigal Son was lonely, by himself, by himself,
An' my Jesus Him was lonely,
An' de Christian him am lonely, by himself.

*If the leading singer is in a hurry, he will sing three verses in one. This song has an unlimited number of verses.

Heah Goes De Babe, Oh Yes!

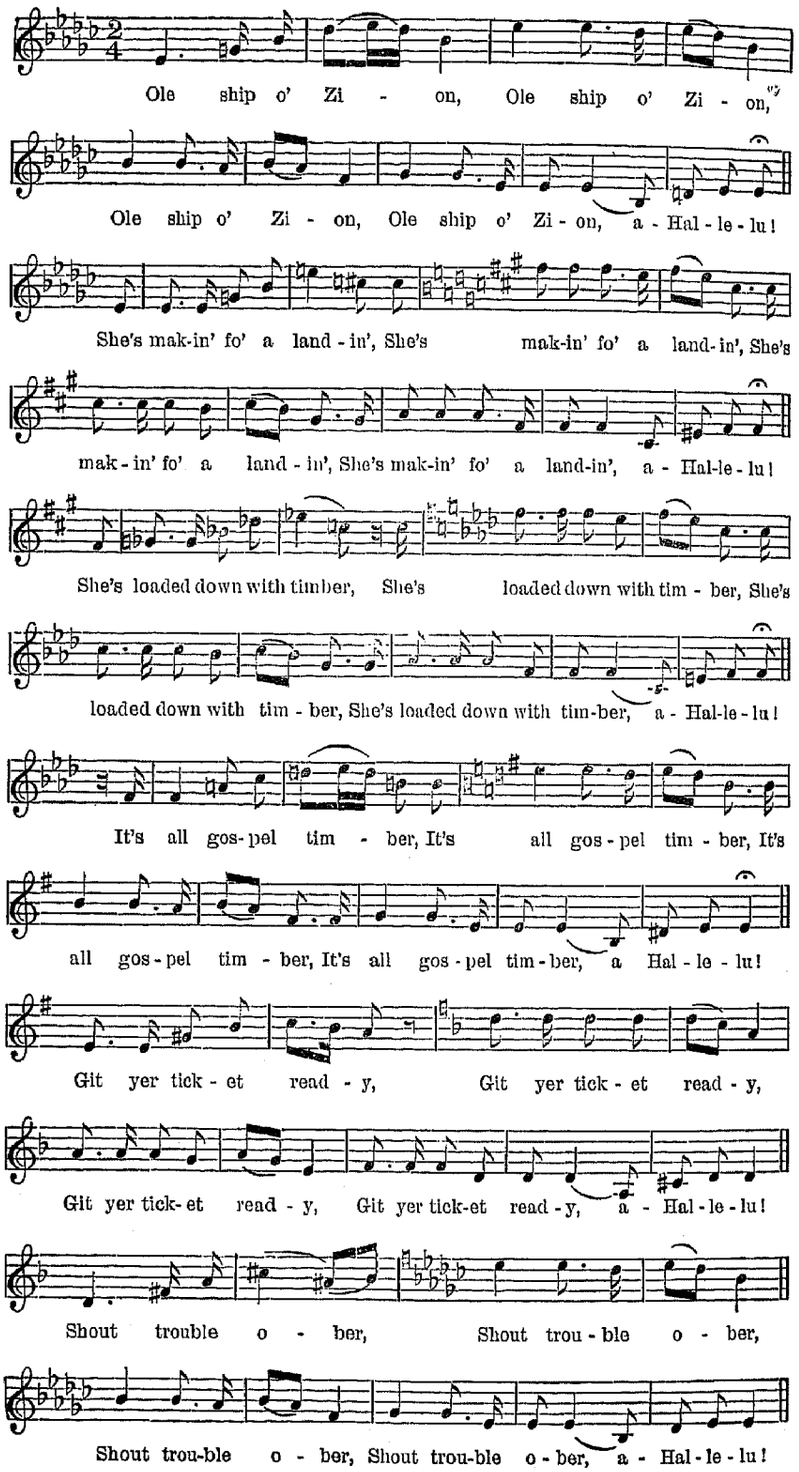


1.	Ready fo' de wa - ter?	Oh,	yes!	Ready fo' de wa - ter?	Oh,	yes!
2.	Dis my son?	Oh,	yes!	Dis my son?	Oh,	yes!
3.	Whom I am?	Oh,	yes!	Whom I am?	Oh,	yes!
4.	One more candi - date?	Oh,	yes!	One more candi - date?	Oh,	yes!
5.	Here goes de babe!	Oh,	yes!	Here goes de babe!	Oh,	yes!
6.	Been bap - tized?	Oh,	yes!	Done lef' de world?	Oh,	yes!
7.	He dat keeps—	Oh,	yes!	He dat keeps—	Oh,	yes!
8.	Shall I hab everlast-in?	Oh,	yes!	Shall I hab everlast - in?	Oh,	yes!

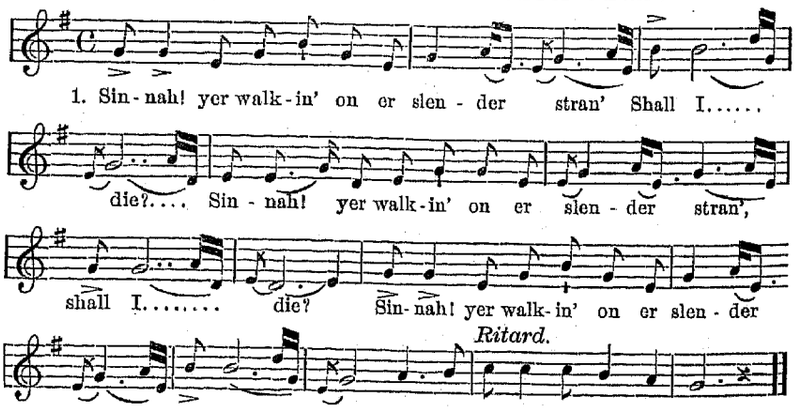


Ready fo' de wa - ter?	Oh,	yes!	Bright.....	shines de	day!
Dis my son?	Oh,	yes!	Bright.....	shines de	day!
Well pleas'd with?	Oh,	yes!	Bright.....	shines de	day!
One more candi - date?	Oh,	yes!	Bright.....	shines de	day!
Here goes de babe!	Oh,	yes!	Bright	shines de	day!
Dat ain't all yit!	Oh,	yes!	Bright.....	shines de	day!
My Commandments—	Oh,	yes!	Bright.....	shines de	day!
Ev - er-last - in' life?	Oh,	yes!	Bright.....	shines de	day!

Ole Ship O' Zion.



Sinnah, Yer Walkin' On a Slender Stran'.



2 Wretched man! yer walkin' on er slender stran', etc.
3 Backslider man! yer walkin' on er slender stran', etc.
4 Mourner man! yer walkin' on er slender stran', etc.

I Don't Want er be Buried in de Storm.

1. I.... don't want er be bur-ied in de storm, in de storm,....

I don't want er be bur-ied in de storm, in de storm.....

REFRAIN.

Some-times my troub-les make me trem-ble, trem-ble,

trem-ble,..... I don't want er be bur-ied in de storm.

2 I dont want ter cross de red sea by myself, by myself,
I dont want ter cross de red sea by myself, by myself.—REF.

3 Dont you heah dem hosses feet,
Slippin' an er slidin' on de golden street?—REF.

4 When I gits on ma golden shoes,
Gwine trot about Hebben and shout de news.—REF.

5 Some say Peter, an er some say Paul,
Aint but one Gawd sabe us all.—REF.

NOTE.—Frequently sung while washing windows.

Mary, what yer Gwine er Name dat Purty Leetle Baby.

REFRAIN.

De Vug-gin Ma-ry had a one Son, Um,.....

Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah Um..... Glo-ry Hal-le-lu jah,

Glo-ry be to de new-bawn..... King.....

1. E..... yer fol-ler dat star yo'll sho'-ly find a ba-by,

Um..... sho'-ly find a ba-by, Um... sho'-ly find a ba-by,

Glo-ry be to de new-bawn..... King .....

2 Mary, what yer gwine er name dat purty leetle baby?
Um, dat purty leetle baby?
Um, dat purty leetle baby?
Glory be to yer new-bawn King!—REF.

3 Some calls 'Im one ting, I fink I'll call 'Im Jesus,
Um, I fink I'll call 'Im Jesus,
Um, I fink I'll call 'Im Jesus,
Glory be to my new-bawn King!—REF.

4 Some calls I'm one ting, I fink I'll call I'm 'Manuel,
Um, I fink I'll call I'm 'Manuel,
Um, I fink I'll call I'm Manuel,
Glory be to my new-bawn King!—REF.

5 Dey's ridin' 'Im on dare shoulders and callin' 'Im dare Governor!
Um, and callin' 'Im dare Governor!
Um, and callin' 'Im dare Governor!
Glory be to my new-bawn King!—REF.

6 Mary, what yer gwine er name dat purty leetle baby?
Um, dat purty leetle baby?
Um, dat purty leetle baby?
Glory be to yer new-bawn King!—REF.

7 Um, I fink Ise gwine er call 'Im Free Salvation,
Um, Free Salvation,
Um, Free Salvation,
Glory be to my new-bawn King!—REF.

N. B.—Note two peculiarities of negro hymnology; viz. the repetition of the same line three times, and the occasional transposition of a few bars to a lower or higher octave.

See Heah, Ma Sistah.

A Weird Chant.

1. Yer see heah ma sis-tah, yer say yer got Je-sus,

Yer gwine to hol' 'Im fast, Yer gwine ter walk on der

sea ob *ger-la-ass Sea ob glass.... all er-min-gled wid de

fire, I'se gwine er jine.... der * heb-ber-nick-er wire.

REFRAIN.

Lib-bin' 'um-ble, Lib-bin' 'um-ble, Um-ble yer-self, De

bell done toll'd, Sing glo-ry in de hou-nah, P-raise Je-sus,

Sing glo-ry in de hon-nah, Praise de Lamb.

2 Yer see heah ma Brudder, yer say yer befo' me,
Yer gwine er walk on de sea ob Glory,
De sea ob Glory—yer git dar, gwine er stop an tell
Four tall Archangel he toll de bell.—REF.

* Heavenly Choir.

* Glass.

Daniel, de Angel Flew—Ugh!

♩ = 104

Dan - - iel,..... Dan - - iel,..... A-hong! A-
Hyp-o-crite mem-bers, Hyp-o-crite mem-bers, A-hong! A-

hong! In de li-on's den! I ain't gwine a lib in my sins no long-er!
hong! Oh, God de-spise! I ain't gwine a lib in my sins no long-er!

(*hum*) 'm..... De
'm..... De

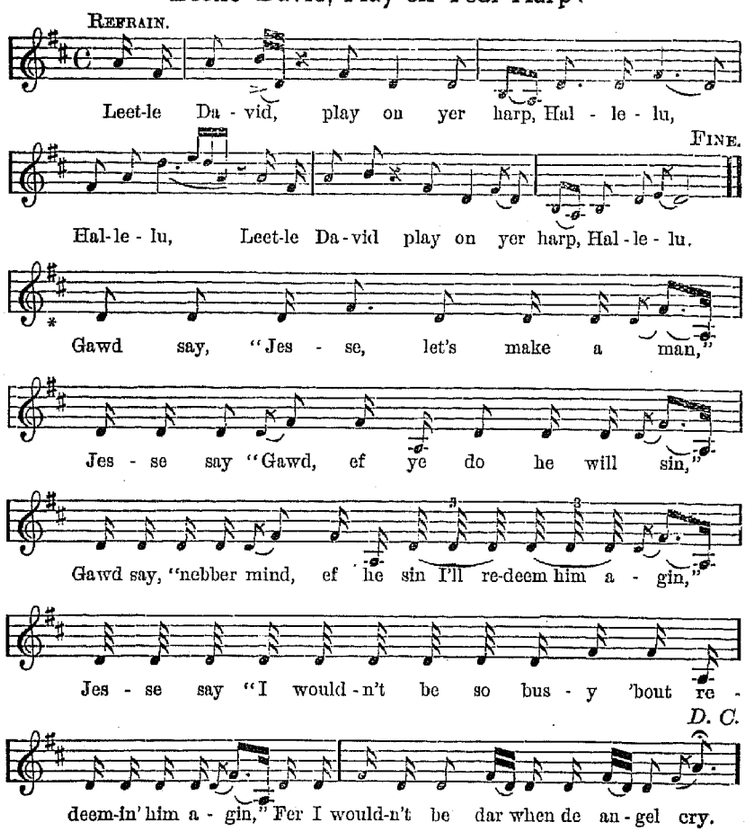
An-gel flew .....Ugh! ..... From Gall-i-lee... .....
tongue so keen! .....Ugh! ..... Dey will tell lies! .....

Ugh!..... I ain't gwine a lib in my sins no long-er!

(*hum*) 'm..... De Lamb's

blood done a-wash me clean! Lamb's blood done a-wash me clean!

Leetle David, Play on Your Harp!



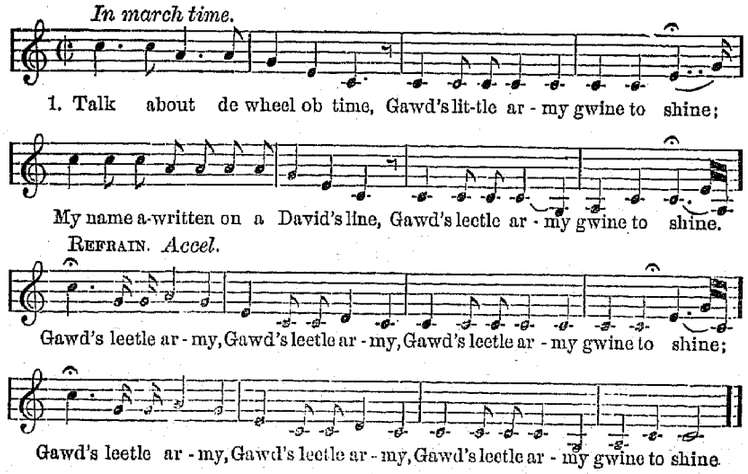
2 I went down to Joppa to pay my fare,
A life time journey ef yo ebber git dare,
I would'nt be so busy a paying my fare,
Fur I would'nt be dare when de angel cry.—Ref.

3 Shadrach, Mechach and Abendego,
My Gawd's gwine er walk around de fire side show,
And I would'nt be so busy 'bout de fire side show,
Fur I would'nt be dare when de angel cry.—Ref.

4 Sunday come an yer in yer place,
Monday come an yer lose yer grace,
Debbil git in you an roll up yo sleeve,
Religion walks out and begins to leave,
I would'nt be so busy 'bout beginning to leave.
Fur I would'nt be dare when de angel cry.—Ref.

* This strain is repeated indefinitely according to the number of lines in the verse.

Gwad's Leetle Army Gwine to Shine.



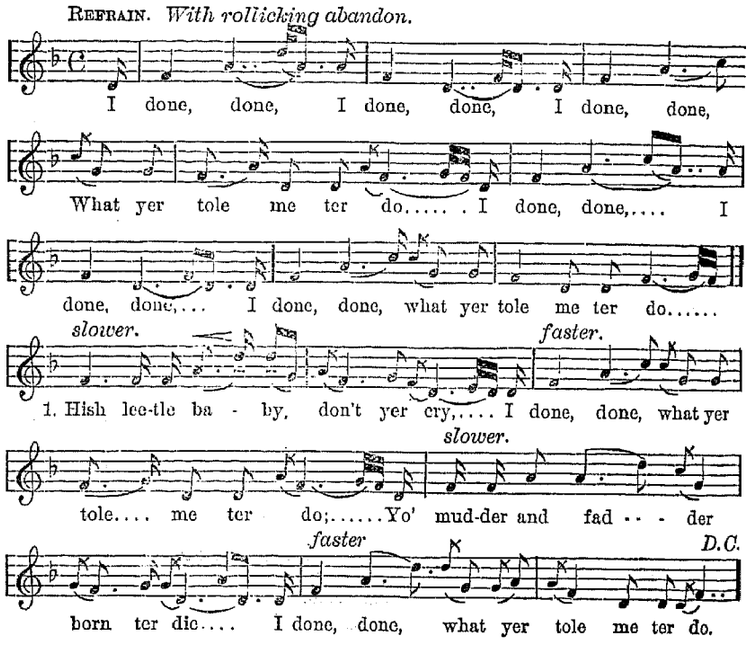
2 Gits ma rations from on high,
Gawd's leetle army gwine to shine;
Rations las a me till I die,
Gawd's leetle army gwine to shine.—Ref.

3 When I wuz a mourner jes like you,
Gawd's leetle army gwine to shine;
I fast and prayed till I "come thoo,"
Gawd's leetle army to shine.—Ref.

4 Wisht dat mourner could rise and tell,
Gawd's leetle army gwine to shine;
How he shunned de gates ob Hell,
Gawd's leetle army gwine to shine.—Ref.

Note.—Each "spiritual" is sung differently in each state, and few negroes ever sing the same song alike.

I Done Done What yer Tole Me ter Do.



2 Yer tole me ter sing, and I done dat too,
I done, done what yer tole me ter do.—Ref.

3 Yer tole me ter shout, and I done dat too,
I done, done what yer tole me ter do.—Ref.

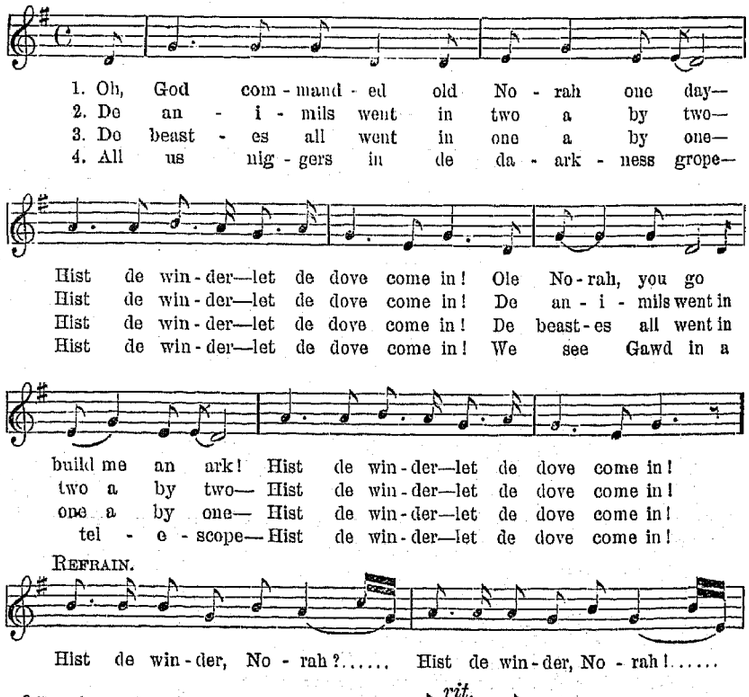
4 Yer tole me ter pray, and I done dat too,
I done, done what yer tole me ter do.—Ref.

5 Yer tole me ter talk, and I done dat too,
I done, done what yer tole me ter do.—Ref.

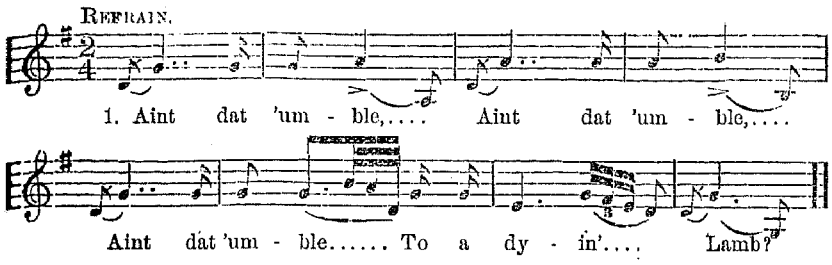
6 Leetle white loney lef her throne,
I done, done what yer tole me ter do.—Ref.

7 Gwine ter Zion's hill ter moan,
I done, done what yer tole me ter do.—Ref.

Hist de Window, Norah.



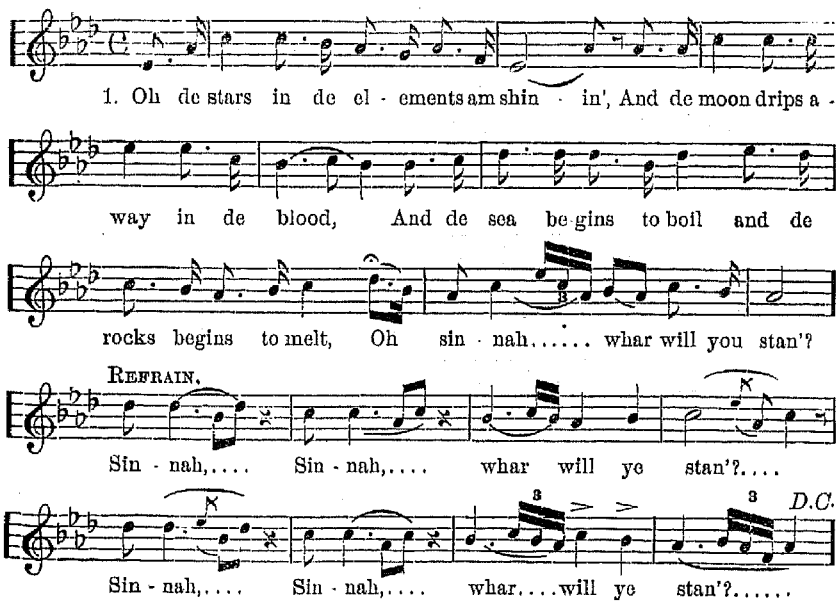
Ain't dat Humble.



1 Purtiest ting dat ebber I done,
Was ter git religion, when I'se young.—Ref.
2 Gawd dont talk like a nateral man,
Talk so a sinner kin a understand.—Ref.
3 Leetle white Loney lef her throne,
Gwine ter Zion's Hill ter moan.—Ref.
4 Dat aint all yit, I got mo beside,
My heart done a been santified.—Ref.
5 Turtle Dove done droop her wing,
Gwine ter Zion's Hill ter sing.—Ref.

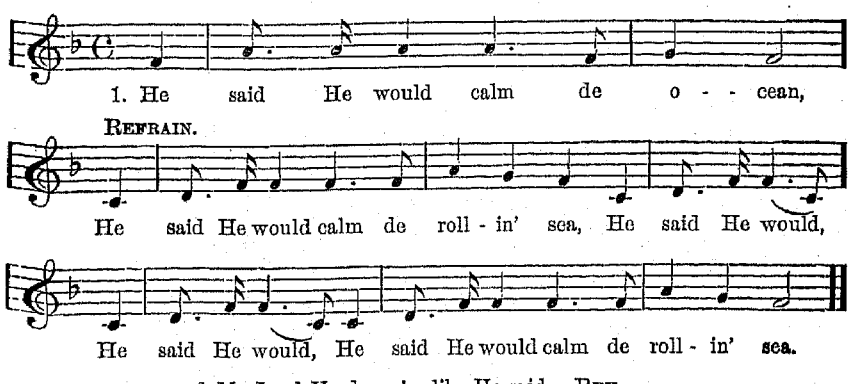
N. B. Note in this song the oft recurring drop of an octave.

Stars in de Elements.



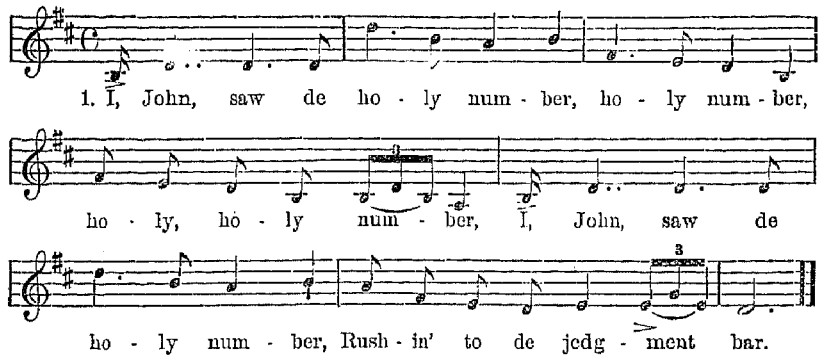
2 Oh ma Mudders' in de wilderness a moanin'.—Ref.
3 Oh ma Sister's in de wilderness a moanin'.—Ref.
4 Oh de Preachers on de wall am prayin'.—Ref.

Calm De Ocean.

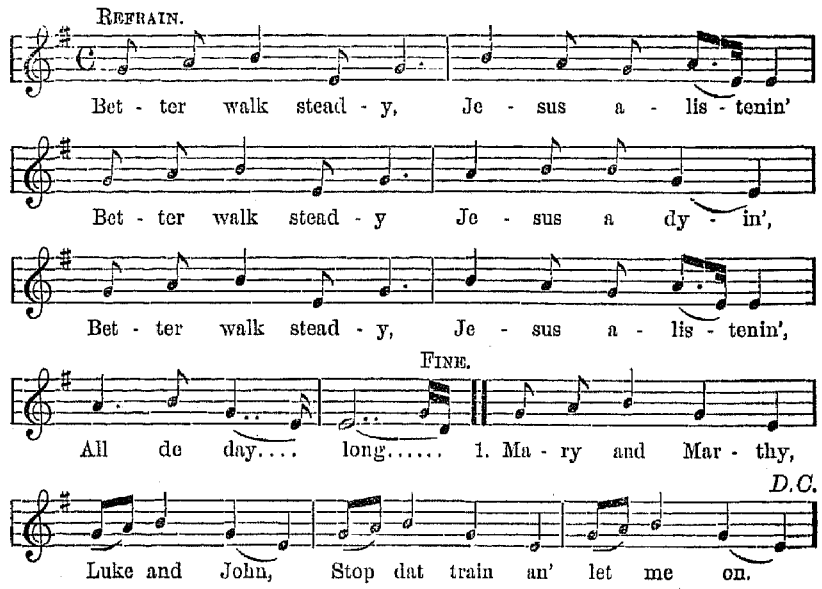


2 My Lord He done jes like He said.—Ref.
3 He healed de sick and raise de dead.—Ref.
4 Was'nt Gawd so good and kind.—Ref.
5 He took ma baby an leave mudder behind.—Ref.

De Holy Number.

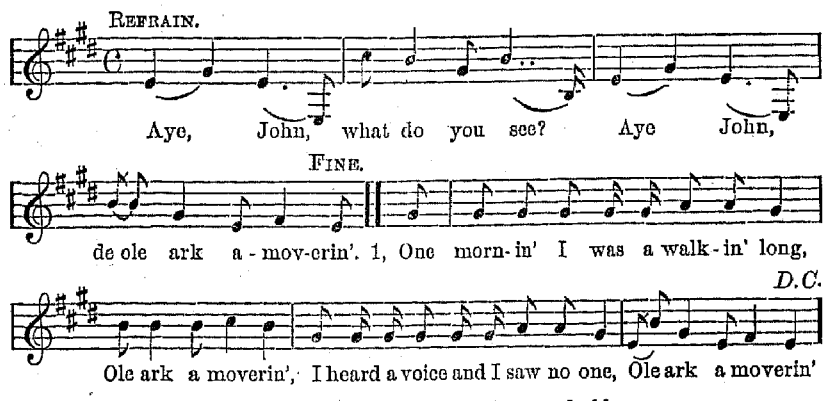


Better Walk Steady.



2 When I git ter Hebben, gwine er stop and tell,
How I shunned de gates ob Hell.—Ref.
3 Clouds is hangin', looks like rain,
Sun drawin water from Immanuel's veins.—Ref.
4 Dig my grave wid a golden spade,
Let me down wid a golden chain.—Ref.
5 When You hear my coffin sound,
Den you'll know I'm under de ground.—Ref.
6 Hell is deep, and Hell is wide,
Can't touch bottom on either side.—Ref.

De Ole Ark a-Moverin.



2 What a make dem Christians shout so bold,
Ole ark a moverin',
Dey hab salvation in deh soul,
Ole ark a moverin'.—Ref.
3 Tallest tree in de Paradise,
Ole ark a moverin',
De Christians call de tree ob Life,
Ole ark a moverin'.—Ref.
4 All us niggers in de darkness grope,
Ole ark a moverin',
We see Gawd in a telescope,
Ole ark a moverin'.—Ref.
5 Sometime up and sometime down,
Ole ark a moverin',
Sometime lebbel to de groun',
Ole ark a moverin'.—Ref.

Christ Built a Church in de Middle ob de Sea.

Legatissimo.

1. Christ built a church in de mid - dle ob de sea,
He built it wid - out a - ny ham - mer and nails,
Christ built a church in de mid - dle ob de sea,
Let us walk Je - ru - sa - lem, Ca - naan,

REFRAIN.

Let us walk Je - ru - sa - lem Ca - naan,
Let us walk Je - ru - sa - lem Ca - naan.

Calvaree

1. Cal - va - ree! jis look on Je - sus! Cal - va - ree! jis look on Je - sus! Cal - va - ree! jis look on
2. Cru - elle Jews— dey cru - ci - fied Him! Cru - elle Jews—dey cru - ci - fied..... Him! Then dey laid Him in a
3. He was bur - ied on a Good Fri - day! He was bur - ied on a Good Fri - day! He rose a - gain on Easter
4. Sis - ter Ma - ry came a - weep - in'! Sis - ter Mar - tha came a - mourn - in'! Came a-mourn - in' like a

Je - sus! See how He bow'd .... His head and died!
soo - pul - kur—See how He bow'd .... His head and died!
Sun - day! See how He bow'd .... His head and died!
wid - ow! See how He bow'd .... His head and died!

AMBER IN A WA.

A Real African Song.

Am - ber in a wa, Keen - yah feen - yah ma;
Am - ber in a bom - boo car - ri,
Am - ber eek - a wal - loo— Um— 'm— 'm.....

rit.

I'S GITTIN' GLADDER, GLADDER, GLADDER.

NEGRO CAMP-MEETING SONG.

Allegro moderato.

mf *f* *dim.*

1. I's git-'n' -'n' glad-der, glad-der, glad-der, I's..... git - tin'.... glad - der,.... glad-der, glad-der,
2. I's climb - in' Ja-cob's lad - der, lad - der, I's..... climb - in'..... Ja - cob's... lad - der, lad - der,
3. Debbil's git-'n' -'n' mad-der, mad-der, mad-der, Deb - bil's git - tin'.... mad - der,.... mad-der, mad-der,
4. I'll soon be dy - in', dy - in', dy - in', All my friends'll be cry - in'..... cry - in', cry - in',

f

Sluringly.

I's..... git - tin'.... glad - der, a glad - der, In de year ob..... ju - bi - - lee!
I's..... climb - in'..... Ja - cob's a lad - der, In de year ob..... ju - bi - - lee!
Deb - bil's... git - tin'.... mad - der, a mad - der, In de year ob..... ju - bi - - lee!
When dey sees me.... fly - in', a fly - in', In de year ob..... ju - bi - - lee!

REFRAIN.

Clapping and stamping in time with bass notes.

f

Den rise . an' shine an' git a-long to glo - ry! glo - ry! Rise! an' shine! an'

Getting continually more excited and noisy.

git a - long to glo - ry! glo - ry! Rise! shine!..... git a-long to glo - ry In de

Shoutingly.

D. S.

year ob..... Ju - bi - - lee!

Dedicated to my Teacher George Seymour Lenox. Esq.
of New York City

Don't Turn Ober de Hoss Shoe.

Imitation Negro Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by
JEANNETTE ROBINSON MURPHY.

Allegretto moderato.

mf Banjolike

Old Man. 1 A hoss shoe's hang - in'
Old Woman. 2. Ole man, I low, it
Old Man. 3. You know de hay all
Old Woman. 4. Our house ain't burnt down, yo

p

1. o - ber our door, An' eb' - ry - ting ought ter go right; ——— But
2. dref - ful - ly bad, But den it might eas - y be wuss; ——— De
3. burn ter de ground, De axe it done cut fru my boot; ——— What
4. foot's on yo leg, You works, an yose a - ble ter eat; ——— De

1. luck is worse dan eb - ber be - fo,' We's cut - tain - ly un - der a
2. hei - fer's still left and I is sho glad, You's mon - ey still left in yo'
3. makes dat dog go howl - in' a - round? Dat owl! ___ what make him to
4. chil lun's safe, us don't hab ter beg, Got lots ob cawn - bread an' good

1. blight. ___ Last week ole Brin - dle cow lay down an' die, Last
2. purse. ___ Take heart, ma hon - ey, yer cut - tain - ly know, While
3. hoot? ___ Dem signs is bad, an' in spite ob Hoss - shoe, Us
4. meat. ___ Jes tink ob mar - cies, which eb b'ry day brings, Don't

1. night de mule he go too ___ Right soon dar won't be a
2. tings is hard in our lot, ___ Dar's heaps ob mar - cies still
3. won't hab chick or a duck, ___ I'se clean dis - cour - aged, I
4. lose yo' heart an' yo' pluck! ___ I'ts dang'-rous tam - prin wid

Dont turn ober de Hoss Shoe.

1 pig in de sty, I neb - ber see sich a ter do!
2. lef, ain't it so? Fur I might be took - en, den what?
3. know what I'll do: Turn round, an' turn o ber our luck!
4. hoss - shoes an' tings! I'se feared ter turn o - ber our luck.

Chorus.

Allegro con spirito.

SOP.
ALTO.
1. Bad luck! Bad luck! When tings is gwine ter cross you, An'
2. Good luck! Good luck! So long as I ain't loss you, Jes
3. Bad luck! Bad luck! When tings is gwine ter cross you, An'
4. Good luck! Good luck! So long as I ain't loss you, Jes
TEN.
BASS.

D. C.

1. times de hard-es' you eb - ber struck, Yer bet - ter turn o - ber de Hoss - shoe.
2. keep yo' heart an' keep yo' pluck, But don't yer turn o - ber de Hoss - shoe.
3. times de hard-es' you eb - ber struck, Yer bet - ter turn o - ber de Hoss - shoe.
4. keep yo' heart an' keep yo' pluck, But don't yer turn o - ber de Hoss - shoe.

D. C.

Ped. * Ped. *

Dedicated to Every Faithful Black Mammy.

DAT'S WHAT DE MAMMY GOOD FOR.

Words and Music by JEANNETTE ROBINSON MURPHY.

Allegro vivace.
Lively ♩ = 92.

f

Ped. *

Ped. *

This symphony may be used as a dance, and repeated as often as desired.

Slower. Allegretto ♩ = 120.

1. Jes - ter ten' de lee - tle young un when it's larn - in' how ter creep, An' ter
2. When it come ter fry - in' chick - en, beat - en bis - cuit an' "Pil - leau," An' de

kiss de lee - tle peep - ers, when dey gwine for to weep; An' ter
"Hop - pin John," an' "Sal - ly Lunn" ma hon - ey, ain't it so? She kin

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4

rock de lee - tle ba - by when it want er go ter sleep,.....
beat de worl' a - cook - in', an' er eat - in' "Gum - - bo,".....

Dat's what de Mam - my good for. She don' know nuf - fin 'bout de read - in',
Dat's what de Mam - my good for. She neb - ber bin ter cook - in'-school, her

writ - in', an' de res', But when it come ter shout - in', an' er
kitch - en am a sight, She neb - ber tink ob sav - in', an' she

sing - in' wid de bes', An' er lub - bin hard de lee - tle lamb a'
boss - es black an' white, But ter keep a fel - low hap - py wid a'

4

rock de lee - tle ba - by when it want er go ter sleep,.....
beat de worl' a - cook - in', an' er eat - in' "Gum - - bo,".....

Dat's what de Mam - my good for. She don' know nuf - fin 'bout de read - in',
Dat's what de Mam - my good for. She neb - ber bin ter cook - in'-school, her

writ - in', an' de res', But when it come ter shout - in', an' er
kitch - en am a sight, She neb - ber tink ob sav - in', an' she

sing - in' wid de bes', An' er lub - bin hard de lee - tle lamb a'
boss - es black an' white, But ter keep a fel - low hap - py wid a'

lay - in' on her bress,..... Dat's what de Mam - my good for.
heart - y ap - pe - tite,..... Dat's what de Mam - my good for.

An' she'll nuss yo' lak a ba - by, when yo' dy - in' by yo' - se'f, An' she'll
But de sweet - es' ting a - bout her, I's a keep - in' ter de las', How she

slip yo' lee - tle sum - pin', when dey's starv - in' yo' ter deff, So's ter
use ter sing de Bi - ble ter me yon - der in de pas', An' she'd

keep yo' fum a - tak - in' den yo' ver - y las'.... bref,....
pint me ter ma Je - sus, an' she make me hol' Him fas',....

6

Dat's what de Mam - my good for. An' when yo' chil - lun come a - long, she'll
Dat's what de Mam - my good for. She lib' so po' an' hum - ble - lak, she

be dere Mam - my too,... It's fun - ny how dey'll lub her bes', in
lub her Sav - iour so,.... In all her ho - ly sing - in,' Him's de

spite ob all yer do; An' she'll tell em rab - bit sto - ries, lak she
on - ly name she know; An' ter bring de Heb'n - ly free - dom to her

use ter tell ter you,.... Dat's what de Mam - my good for.
Mos - ter heah be - low,.... Dat's what de Mam - my good for.

CHORUS.

A little slower.

SOPRANO.

Oh! Mam-my, how I lub you, Mam-my how I miss you, When I reach de gold - en shore; Yo'll

ALTO.

Oh! Mam-my, how I lub you, Mam-my how I miss you, When I reach de gold - en shore; Yo'll

TENOR.

Oh! Mam-my, how I lub you, Mam-my how I miss you, When I reach de gold - en shore; Yo'll

BASS.

A little slower.

ACCOMPANIMENT.

Ped. ✻

D. C.

rock me on yo' bres', An' dar I'll hap-py res', An' heah yo' lul - la-bies for eb - ber more.

rock me on yo' bres', An' dar I'll hap-py res', An' heah yo' lul - la-bies for eb - ber more.

rock me on yo' bres', An' dar I'll hap-py res', An' heah yo' lul - la-bies for eb - ber more.

tr

Ped. ✻

D. C.

Ped. ✻

DAT'S WHAT DE MAMMY GOOD FOR.

Jes ter ten' de leetle young un when it's larnin' how to creep
And ter kiss de leetle peepers when dey gwine fer to weep
And ter rock de leetle baby when it want er go ter sleep,
Dat's what de Mammy good for.

She don't know nuffin 'bout de readin', writin' and de res',
But when it come to shoutin' an' er singin' wid de bes'
And er lubbin hard de leetle lamb a-layin' on her bres',
Dat's what de Mammy good for.

She'll nuss yo' lak a baby when yo' dyin' by yo' se'f,
An' she'll slip yo' leetle sumpin' when dey's starvin' yo' ter deff;
So's ter keep yo' fum a-takin' den yo' very las' bref,
Dat's what de Mammy good for.

And when yo' chillun come along, she'll be dere Mammy, too.
It's funny how dey'll lub her bes' in spite ob all you do,
An' she'll tell 'em rabbit stories lak she use ter tell ter you,
Dat's what de Mammy good for.

When it come to fryin' chicken, beaten biscuit an' Pilleau,
An' de "Hoppin John" an' "Sallie Lunn,"—ma honey, ain't it so?—
She kin beat de worl' a-cookin' an' er eatin' "Gumbo,"
Dat's what de Mammy good for.

She nebber been to cookin' school, her kitchen am a sight,
She nebber tink ob savin' an' she bosses black an' white,
But to keep a fellow happy wid a hearty appetite,
Dat's what de Mammy good for.

She laughin' mawn an' noon an' night, you nebber see her frown.
She "tote a hand" an' rabbit's foot to fotch her luck aroun',
She kin "hoodoo," for she "wuk de roots," she grabble out de groun',
Dat's what de Mammy good for.

But yo' ought ter see her "pat de Juba," "cut de Pigeon Wing!"
She kin dance de "Wire" or "Rang ou tang," an' almos' anything.
When she knock de Tommy Walker, My! but People! can't she sing!
Dat's what de Mammy good for.

But de sweetest ting about her, I's a keepin' ter de las',
How she use ter sing de Bible ter me yonder in de pas',
An' she'd pint me ter ma Jesus an' she make me hol' Him fas',
Dat's what de Mammy good for.

She lib so po' an' humble lak, she lub her Savior so,
In all her holy singin' Him's de only name she know,
An' ter bring de Heb'nly freedom to her Master heah below.
Dat's what de Mammy good for.